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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

SEPTEMBER 1919

1/6 Net MONTHLY

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The Soul of the Bantam — Blamire Young
Some of our Young War Poets — Margaret Wynne Nevinson, L.L.A.

Barges — Dorothy M. Roberts
The End — Christine Harte
The German Insanity — Cecil Graeme
In the Blood — K. Balbernie
The Genius of de Cyrano Bergerac — Mme. Jane Rouira
The Man-in-the-Street — H. R. Holden
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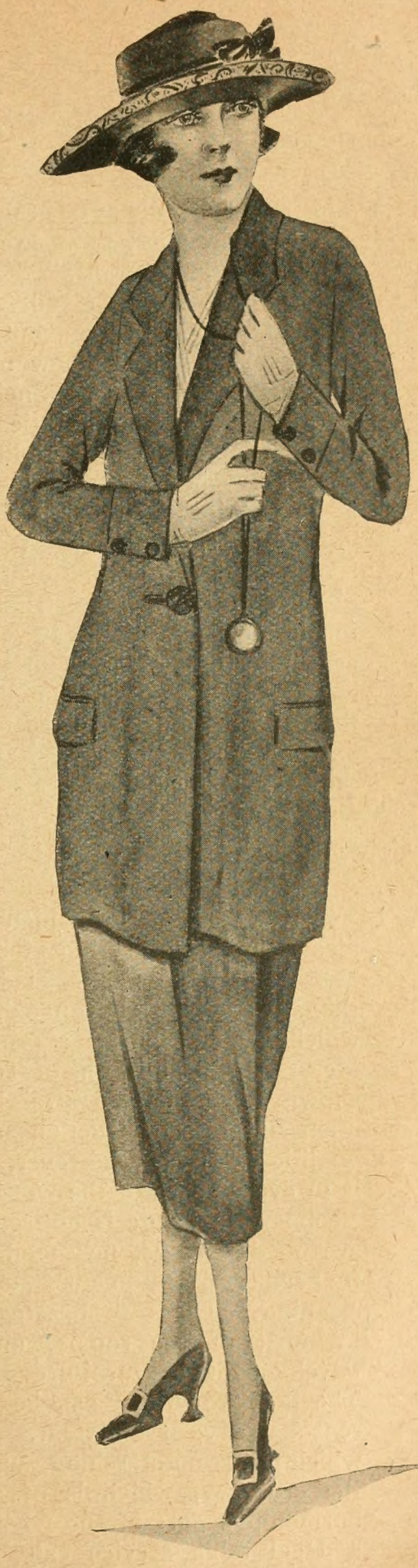

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Advertisement Supplement

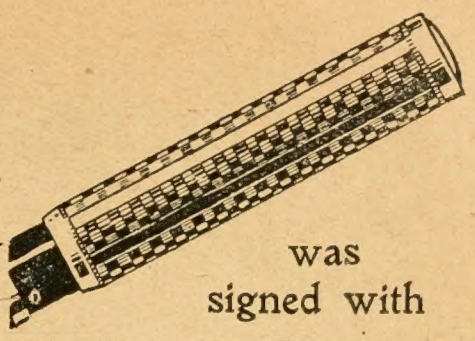
New Autumn Millinery.

¶ The new hats always herald autumn fashions, and, though it is still high summer, there are holiday-makers bound for the moors who are interested in all the latest designs in autumn hats. The small shapes in cloth and felt are the most serviceable, not only for a moorland holiday, but for future wear in town. There are some very attractive new models in millinery for the season at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, Vere Street and Oxford Street. A fascinating little hat in manchon, made with a mushroom brim in front, and little upward tilt at the back, has an effectively embroidered crown, and costs 4 guineas. Another is a smart, close-fitting hat in velour, trimmed with cut felt, which is especially useful for golf or seaside wear at 4½ guineas. There is a charming hat in duvetyne at the same price, made with a high, soft crown and trimmed with parrot quills. The small mushroom brim makes it very comfortable and becoming. There are many other shapes in velour, some large and picturesque—ideally suited to the young girl, although for all practical purposes the smaller models will be more generally in favour. One pretty hat in velour, with a straight brim—rather wider in front than at the back—is trimmed with a silk crochet band; another picturesque model has a graceful, drooping line to the large brim, and is most artistically trimmed with silk of striped parrot colourings.

Bungalow Furniture.

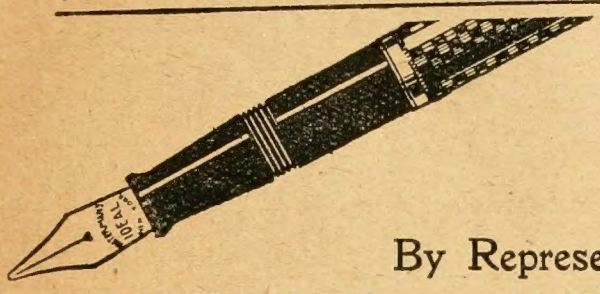
¶ To meet the pressing demand for houses, there has been no better idea than the utilisation of bungalow huts, and very many homeless wanderers will be glad and thankful to take advantage of them. There is one on exhibition at the Horse Guards Parade, which has been most appropriately and artistically furnished by Messrs. Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road. The furniture shown is simple and straightforward, for the most part relying upon suitable construction and good proportion for its decorative qualities. It has, however, every comfort and convenience, and is in every sense of the word a really cheery and delightful home. Economy in usage is noticeable in all the furniture shown; there are no dust-traps, no metal handles to tarnish, nothing, in fact, that will add a moment's superfluous labour to the task of house-cleaning. The Dawson-Heal series of painted furniture is used in most of the rooms, and this furniture marks the latest development in furniture production on economical principles. The floor coverings can be easily cleaned, and will not spoil by reasonable wear and tear. The cotton hangings and tablecloth, which needs no starching, supply the necessary colour notes, while the crockery, which is of a cheap and durable kind, forms a harmonious part of the whole colour scheme. Any breakages in a Heal table service can be replaced separately at any time. Visitors to the Exhibition Bungalow Hut will be interested to know that the whole of the furnishing as shown—furniture, lino-

The Peace Treaty at Versailles



was signed with

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



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leum, rush-mats, curtains, toilet-ware, table ware for six people, fireproof kitchen ware, and bedding (including sheets and blankets), costs approximately £325.

The Fascinating Tweed.

¶ There is something particularly alluring about the tweed for autumn wear, and this season, after a long period of uniforms, it is interesting to choose a tweed suit once more. Few women had time or inclination for the moorland holiday during the war, but there will be a large holiday exodus to the North this season. There are some excellent tweed suits, which are quite moderately priced at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. These have been designed for the holiday season and for early autumn wear on really practical lines, and made in the best quality new tweed suitings a very attractive model at 8½ guineas has a rather long coat, finished with a narrow belt and very deep pockets. It has a plain, well-cut skirt, and can be had in a good range of plain colours. Another design at the same price is in a variety of tweeds and suitings. This also has a belt and novelty pockets. For those who like a suit cut on the same lines as a man's, there is a smart model, with a plain, unbelted coat and practical pockets. It has a plain, well-cut skirt, and costs 7½ guineas in a good range of plain colours. Mention may be made here of some delightful holiday blouses at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, which have been specially designed for the holiday season, made in crêpe de Chine, at 25s. 9d. One in ivory crêpe de Chine has a long colour edged with an accordion-pleated frill. Another, made with long, cross-over revers, edged with kilted frills, can be had in black, white, and a range of colours, and there is a very useful and smart holiday jumper, also at 25s. 9d., made in crêpe de Chine, striped washing silks, or in heavy quality washing crêpes.

A Pen for the Holidays.

¶ Everyone who can will spend time out of doors while the warm weather lasts, and if work has to be done it may as well be done in the fresh air. Writers will find it helpful to the imagination. Armed with a solid writing-pad and a reliable pen, one can, in fact, write almost anywhere in town or country. A Waterman's Ideal pen is one of the best pens to carry about on holiday or to keep for regular work at home. It has become a general favourite, not only amongst men and women who make a living by writing, but by all whose writing consists mainly of friendly correspondence. The sales have never been larger than they have this year, for the holiday-goer starts out with the sound resolution of working off all arrears in correspondence. The Waterman certainly helps to keep this good resolution, because it makes them pen-independent, and they are not bothered by searching for indifferent pens and ink, which are in great demand at all holiday resorts. Half a guinea will buy a "Regular" Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen, and everyone knows L. G. Sloan, Ltd., at The Pen Corner, Kingsway, where it can be purchased, and where the other types—the "Safety" and the "Self-Filling," can be seen. It is interesting to know that the Peace Treaty at Versailles was signed with Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen by the representatives of Great Britain, Japan, Belgium, Greece, Italy, Poland, Australia, Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia.

A. E. M. B.

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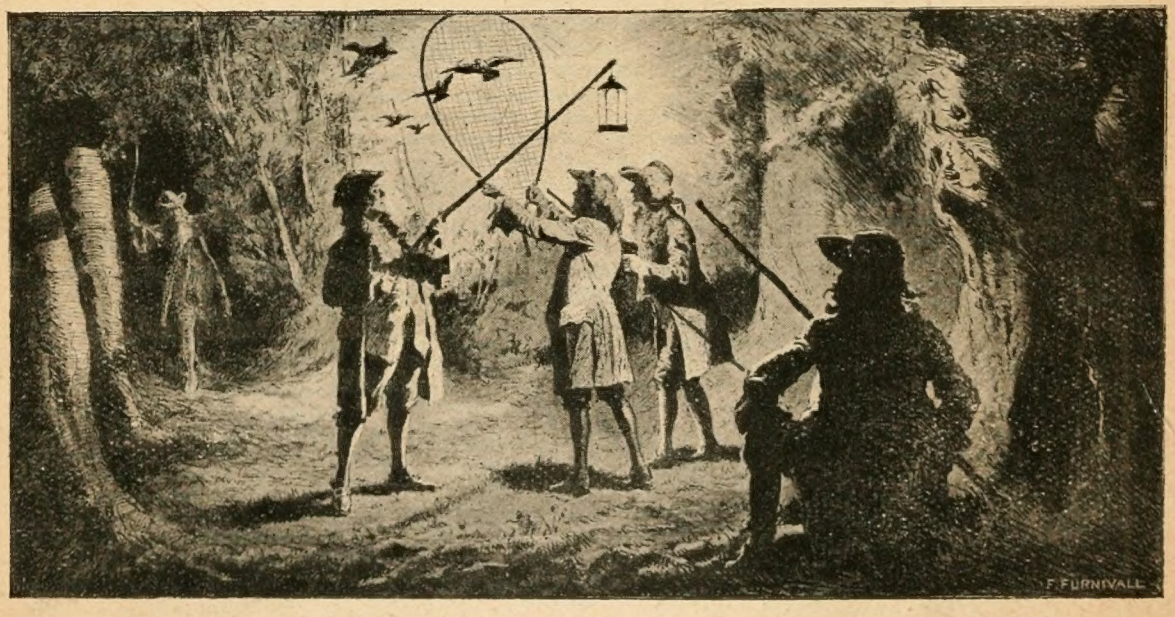
THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

CONTENTS OF THE ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTIETH NUMBER

		PAGE
1. ION SWINLEY	Four Poems	193
GERTRUDE BONE	From the Night	
TREVOR ALLEN	Ritual	
A. B.	Ave Atque Vale	
A. E. LLOYD MAUNSELL	A Song	
2. VERNON LEE	Satan's Epilogue to the War	199
3. BLAMIRE YOUNG	The Soul of the Bantam	222
4. MARGARET WYNNE NEVINSON, L.L.A.	Some of our Young War Poets	224
5. DOROTHY M. ROBERTS	Barges	234
6. CHRISTINE HARTE	The End	235

[*Contents continued on page* x



THE old time sport of Bat-fowling that is here depicted did not long survive the seventeenth century. Its devotees appreciated a good Tobacco, but how much more would they have enjoyed a pipe of SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE, that perfect blend of the finest American and Oriental tobaccos?

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CONTENTS (continued)

		PAGE
7. CECIL GRAEME	The German Insanity	239
8. K. BALBERNIE	In the Blood	247
9. MME. JANE ROUIRA	The Meteoric Genius of Savinien de Cyrano Bergerac	253
10. H. R. HOLDEN	The Man-in-the-Street	257
11. ARTHUR MILLS	The Arabs and Damascus	260
12. "SEMINOLE"	Finance and Bolshevism	263
13. AUSTIN HARRISON	High Prices as "Fruits"	267
	Omar Khayyam Returns	276
14. LIEUT. E. W. PEARSON CHINNERY	A Word on New Guinea	283
15	Books	287

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Mr. G. R. SIMS.
Photo by [*Lavis, Eastbourne.*

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By J. M. STUART-YOUNG. (10/6 net)

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The "De Reszke" Art Gallery

This Picture Free

To "De Reszke" Smokers

You can obtain a copy of this picture, free of advertising matter, printed in colours on art paper, 15" × 10", by sending to address below a "DeReszke" box lid and 2d. stamps for postage and packing (or without lid 1/-), mentioning Picture No. 70. (Terms for previous pictures on application.)

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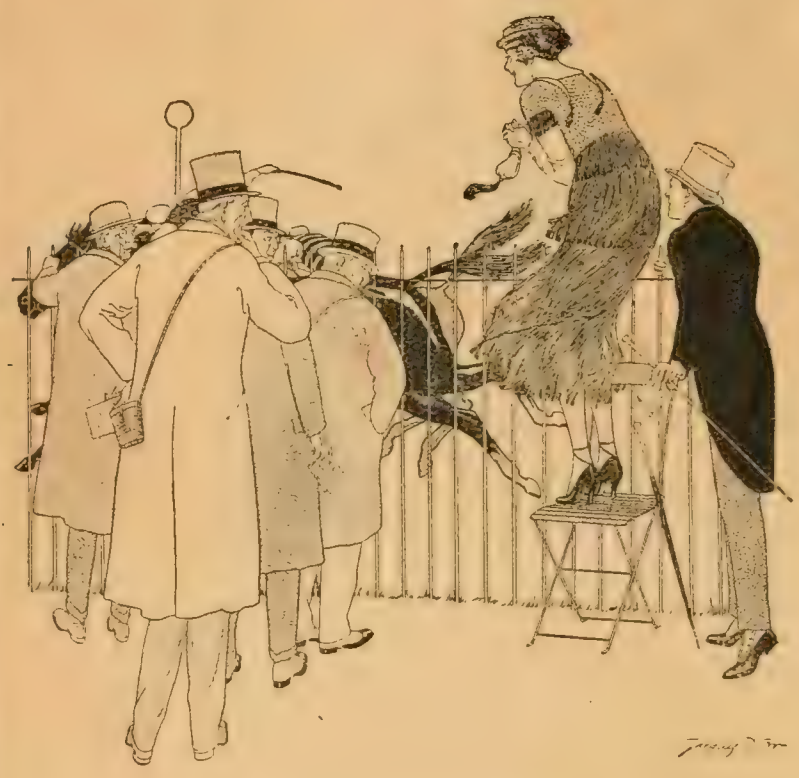
APHORISTIC LAUGHTER.

By

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



DEAD HEAT.

FOR years I have suffered from the affliction of telling the truth. Convalescence is pleasant.

In some matters men are always babies. This accounts for the belief in the maternal instinct.

It is often said that all men are naturally polygamous. But it is bad form to mention polyandry.

I am not inclined to believe that *every* woman is at heart a—deceiver. She only thinks that every other woman is.

It is not necessary to be a statistician to disagree that men are less virtuous than women. It is a simple matter of mathematics.

Woman is seldom insular in her curiosity. She is catholic in most things.

A man must be very adventurous to tell the truth. To tell the truth a woman must be very plain—thus she has no necessity for falsity, and makes a virtue of necessity.

A charming young person recently told me that she disagreed with all my ideas. But she was careful to leave me no alternatives. Antagonism is intoxicating.

Idealism is a splendid emotion for solitude. To share is to dispel illusion.

Most women expect the earth. Why do they not realise the fortune of an occasional fragment of heaven?

Women are perfect actresses. So it is natural they should love the theatre where they are amused by the unnatural misrepresentations of themselves.

The average musical comedy is an unmusical tragedy of stupidity and cupidity.

Profiteering is now a necessary vice. One must profiteer to pay the other profiteers and meet the Income Tax Collector without a blush.

Old men are either fools or cynics. I have not met many cynics.

If the fatuous old men only knew what the flatteress really thinks of them the churches would be fuller—of old men.

* * * * *

In the Press Club recently some complimentary allusions were made to Pope and Bradley's advertisements, but it was agreed they had no commercial value. This gave me a fine feeling of altruism, but my Chartered Accountants and the Inland Revenue brought me to earth.

My accountants tell me coldly that since I originated this business, and in my spare time wrote occasional commercial philosophies, the result has been—Increase in 1909 on 1903, 500 per cent. Increase in 1919 on 1903, 5,000 per cent. It really does seem quite a lot.

Figures are fascinating. They are the only fascinating things that do not lie.

* * * * *

Having become mathematical in my laughter, I may mention that the charges of this House have not yet reached the heights of giddy Bolshevism. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £12 12s. Overcoats from £10 10s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1919

Four Poems

By Ion Swinley

(i) Reticence in Exile

I HAVE kept my griefs apart
In a secret space;
I have not hung my heart
In the market-place.

I have made plaintive songs
And dreams a few—
All I have done belongs
To me and you.

We have been very quiet,
Sitting together
Away from the storm's riot
And winter-weather.

We have been very wise
And very glad—
Now Spring laughs in the skies
And we are sad.

I am here, you are there
In our love's land—
Here there is none to care
Or understand.

France, 1918.

(ii) The Triumph

Beauty fled away from the old men scheming,
From the hell of their begetting and the evil that had been,
And over the world that cried an end to dreaming
Beauty wandered lonely like an exile queen.

But we were a-hungered for her remembered sweetness,
For the coolth of her hands and the blessing of her face,
For the pride of her service, her mystery, her completeness,
For her music and her silence and her colour and her grace.

So we raised hands to her, hands red with killing,
Eyes where the fury of the beast was dimmed with shame,
Called to her, prayed to her, sought her strongly willing,
And Beauty heard her lover Youth, and hearing, came—

Came a living presence on the scarred earth moving,
Blossomed in strange singing at the hearts of weary men;
'Mid the dead and the living and the hating and the loving
We have raised Beauty to her throne again.

France, 1918.

(iii) The End

You took the wonder of the world from me
And I was well content,
For in your star-eyed passion I could see
All that it meant—

All and far more, for in your body's grace
You symbolised
The delicate miracle of young spring days
Etherialised.

In your mouth's maddening touch I took the kiss
Of all Earth's May—
I have striven and failed and lost you, and there is
No more to say.

London, 1919.

(iv) The Splendid Memory

Of all the things that I have lost,
Faces of friends and my wife's kiss,
And eager hours of talking tossed
From that alert brain into this,
One of the latest sights I had
Before I left my dreams behind
Is the most sad, is the most glad
Of all that mingle in my mind—
I saw them small, triumphant, bright,
Crocuses in Hyde Park in serried lines of light.

France, 1918.

From the Night

By Gertrude Bone

If I saw a child's face raised to the element,
Searching the moon;
Scanning her seas of tranquillity, rainbows, and reverie,
I should say, "Speed thou in radiance,
Mounting heaven's stairs apart, shining indifferent—
Lo! earth's babe thinketh!"

If I saw a boy's face dead on the battlefield,
Turned to the moon,
I should say, "Veil thee, O Planet!
Cloud thee thy seas of tranquillity, rainbows, and reverie.
Looking to life, he sees death, yet hails him undaunted—
Lo! the boy chooseth!"

If I saw crosses raised above faces,
Hid from the moon,
I should say, "Shine thou, bright in sterility,
Roll with thy seas of tranquillity, rainbows, and reverie.
Smitten by a death, earth yet holdeth a gratitude—
Lo! the world hopeth!"

Ritual

By Trevor Allen

I.

The silence of the church is ecstasy
To one who loves. Her feet upon the stones
Stir echoes that make tremulous the flames
Of altar candles and of altar flowers.

Before the faded image of a saint
She lights a taper slowly, dreamily.
One pale hand seeks her breast; her face is pale
Of all the rich blood ripening the lips
Where kisses flowered; and in her eyes there dwells
The harvest moonlight of a dreaming love.

"Lover, for you this offering," she breathes;
"My love this flame, and you, Beloved, my shrine."

Before the faded image of the saint
Slowly and dreamily the taper burns. . . .
But not the pictured saint her sad eyes see.

II.

Rapt, the Confessional, to one who loves,
And exquisite the heart's frail secrecies.
Then all her passion shudders at the lips;
Speech is a sweetness pressing from the core;
Her lover sips her soul in adoration. . . .

There is no priest in the Confessional.

III.

To one who loves, the Mass is carnival.
She kneels before the sacrament of love,
Love resurrected, deified. The incense
Is odorous of their garden in the night;
The altar lights illume their bridal chamber;
Love is her prayer, and love her solemn chanting.

The bread and wine are consecrated. . . See!
It is the lover's presence drawing near.
The Sanctus rings, the Sanctus rings. . . O hear!
It is the loved one's voice. Her absent lover
Draws nearer yet. The Host will touch her soon.

And in delirium, 'mid awe and incense,
Her tears stream hotly, and her senses swoon.

Ave Atque Vale

By A. B.

WHAT shall I carry through the after-years,
A memory of bliss, or ravenous pain,
A bankrupt legacy, or any gain,
A tranquil mind, a breast of stinging spears?
Shall I abhor the impulse that endears
My heart to everything in Life's domain,
Simply because I sought one thing in vain
Be blind to other beauty that appears?

Once by some alchemy, some magic might,
Love touched the petals of my heart to gold,
Making the holiest blossoms there unfold:—
I earnest hope that they outlive the night
And I may put them when my years are told
Upon the altar of the Infinite.

A Song

By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell

Who guides Love—bids him stay or fly?
Not you or I.
We can but follow where he leads the way,
Love out the hours of his so little day,
Part—sigh for sigh.

Who binds Love—when he sinks to rest
On arm or breast?
We cannot keep him, though we seek to try,
Though lips quest lips that know he is not nigh:
Fled—east or west.

Who spurns Love?—Would the old and grey
Quite say him nay?
Do even they forget the joys he wrought,
The doubtful pangs of rapture, sorrow fraught?
Gone,—as their day.

Ah! shall we meet Love, somewhere when we die—
Just you and I?
Meet, hold and chain him that he cannot fly;
Together tame him in some grove on high—
Where we two lie!

Satan's Epilogue to the War *

Being the 3rd Part of *Satan, Stage Manager.*

By Vernon Lee

SCENE: *No Place, Nowhere. The Theatre, the light full on the inscription of the architrave, "The World, a Theatre of Varieties; Lessee and Manager, Satan," is seen from its topmost steps, completely open, so that the stage, stalls, and orchestra are visible, somewhat foreshortened. The drop curtain is down; and in front of it* HEROISM *is lying on the ground asleep, with* BALLET MASTER DEATH *lying across him, dead drunk, his skull propped up on* HEROISM'S *chest.* WIDOW FEAR *and her children,* SUSPICION *and* PANIC, *are cautiously treading on tiptoe, consulting in whispers, startled as if by ghosts in corners, hesitating whether and how to go away. The last of the other* PASSIONS *are collecting their instruments in the Orchestra of Patriotism.* PITY, INDIGNATION, IDEALISM, *and* ADVENTURE *have vanished. The* SLEEPY VIRTUES *in the stalls wake up and rub their eyes preliminary to departing,* PRUDENCE, TEMPERANCE, FAIRNESS, *and* TRUTHFULNESS *exchanging horrified remarks*

1ST SLEEPY VIRTUE. What a hideous dream!

2ND SLEEPY VIRTUE. I have had a nightmare.

3RD AND 4TH SLEEPY VIRTUES. So have I—and I.

5TH SLEEPY VIRTUE. We must have been eating some forbidden apples of knowledge!

6TH SLEEPY VIRTUE. Or else all that poetry and eloquence fuddled us.

ALL. Well, thank heaven, we're broad awake now, and can get out of this odious low-class booth.

(*The* SLEEPY VIRTUES *begin groping their way out of the half-darkness.* SATAN *steps forward, unfolds his wings, revealing himself in the black effulgence of his archangelic armour to* THE MUSE OF HISTORY *and the* AGES-TO-COME, *who remain alone with him in the Orchestra.* SATAN *begins to switch off the last lights.*)

SATAN. Alas! even the longest performance must come to an end!

THE MUSE. The longest and the most *réussi*, my dear Lord Satan! But before we disperse, allow me to express the deepest appreciation and gratitude on the part of the Ages-to-Come and my unworthy self. The remembrance of your matchless *Ballet of the Nations* will be a frequent solace, I feel certain, in our usual humdrum existence.

CHORUS OF AGES-TO-COME. Yes, indeed. (2) That it will! (3) One does need something great and heroic in order to pull through the dreary days of peace and remind one of Man's higher possibilities. (*Tutti.*) Our heartfelt thanks to your Lordship.

(*The* AGES-TO-COME *go up to* SATAN, *curtsy and bob, and are revealed to be, not the classic veiled figures they had previously appeared, but old ladies with long eyeglasses, and old gentlemen, dignitaries in lank black coats and spats and half-pay colonels with white moustaches, all carrying volumes of lending library memoirs under their arms, alongside of their tucked-up Grecian draperies.*)

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SATAN (*with his hand, now seen to be slightly clawed, on the last electric switch*). *Pas de quoi*, dear friends! The pleasure has all been on *my* side, and I must thank *you* for so much intelligent indulgence. *Au revoir*, ladies and gentlemen. And to our next merry meeting, dear old Muse of History. As I have often said: What should you and I do without one another, I wonder? But I was forgetting; I must close up the green room.

THE MUSE (*more than ever like a huge pouter-pigeon prima donna in her tightly drawn draperies with large key pattern, rolls out in her usual luscious contralto, but with ill-concealed inquisitiveness*). Your green room? I never thought of that. Of course! Every theatre must have a green room. How *deeply* interesting! How . . .

SATAN (*looks* THE MUSE *long in the face and laughs*). Well, what would you give your old playmate Satan if he were to admit you to an additional little spectacle? To show you a mystery?

THE MUSE. O Satan, dearest!

CHORUS OF AGES-TO-COME. A mystery, my Lord? Oh, we do so love mysteries. Is it Eleusinian? or like the Iron Mask? or the Chevalier d'Eon?

THE MUSE. Is it . . . well, how shall I put it? Is it very *scabreux*?

SATAN (*laughing*). Oh, not in the least. I fear you will be horribly disappointed. It is to the last degree respectable. However, as you have been so very kind to my poor Ballet, it may interest you to see what was passing behind the stage. I must explain that, in view of future dramatic possibilities, I never omit to have everything that comes in my way adequately cinematographed and gramophoned. Besides, these records help to amuse my solitary leisure.

(SATAN *presses a button with a long clanging ring. The curtain rises.* SATAN *helps* THE MUSE OF HISTORY *on to the empty stage, where, as already described,* HEROISM *is lying nearest the footlights, motionless, with* BALLET MASTER DEATH *asleep propped up on him, snoring. The end of the stage is closed by a brilliantly lit magic-lantern screen, blank. On a table is a cinematograph lantern. On another a large gramophone of the sort marked "His Master's Voice."*)

THE MUSE (*bursting with delighted expectancy*). How marvellous! How trooly magical! This is indeed the highest privilege your friendship has ever granted me! The hidden enigmas underlying your *Ballet of the Nation*! The *dessous des cartes*, as French orators say! The Immortals at their work! For that, I take it, is the meaning of the mysterious inscription in your wonder-working machine! *Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*, is it not? Or, in more modern language, that the million-headed crowd exists only to carry out the will of a half-dozen Supermen.

SATAN. It is as you say, dear much-experienced Recorder of the World's Calamities. What you are going to see and hear are indeed Supermen; say rather, the mortal Gods in my little machine of myriad-fold death and ruin. In other words, the Heads of the Nations. For it can scarcely have escaped your acumen that what passed muster for such during my Ballet, and rolled about on the shoulders of the Dancing Nations, could be only cardboard masks. These are the Real Ones, the Masters of Men's Destiny, even if not always of royal birth or Cabinet rank, indeed, mere humble specimens of the Investor, the Homo Œconomicus who sways the modern world.

(THE MUSE *clasps her hands and wags her head in delight too deep for words; the* AGES-TO-COME *nudge one another.* SATAN *switches the current on to the cinematograph and gramophone, which work in concert after a preliminary wheeze and clatter and a corresponding flicker and blur.*)

THE MUSE (*after a sigh of delight*). The real Reality! How thrilling! How trooly . . .

(*Views of buildings, rather out of perspective, jerk across the screen. People come in and out, presenting more of their boot-soles than one usually sees; and voices gabble nasally on the gramophone. However, as the double apparatus and also the attention of the spectators work more steadily, we become aware of a succession, brief but clear, of interiors: public offices, newspaper sanctums, embassy reception-rooms, sometimes even quite humble private houses; also committee tables and banqueting tables, with people discussing or speechifying; lobbies in various countries, club-rooms and Houses of Parliament and Senates in different parts of the globe. They are full of figures in groups of twos and threes, going in and out, sometimes arm-in-arm, standing in front of fireplaces or before drinking bars, or else dictating at office-desks. Most frequently, perhaps, dining and playing bridge, and almost always smoking. These figures are mainly masculine, elderly, often bald, and not always very dignified; some in uniform, some in plain clothes. They are very busy doing nothing in particular. Similarly, they talk a great deal, with significant pauses and interruptions, but all they say is entirely allusive and disjointed, referring to something else which we have not heard, and tailing off into something we do not hear. The action, if it may be called action, like the talking, is a perpetual shuffle from place to place and topic to topic. One can see occasional significant gestures accompanied by insignificant words, but the main impression is of sentences like "Well, yes," "I always said as much," "To be sure," "Bien entendu," "Something may have to be done," "Things seem to be coming to a head," "We shall have to decide"; the whole being interspersed with a good deal of very friendly laughter.* THE MUSE *and* AGES-TO-COME *slowly pass from excitement to mystification, then boredom and ill-concealed disappointment.*)

THE MUSE. Ah! Ah, indeed—ah, I see. Just so! Exactly!

(*These exclamations, fewer and further between, are* THE MUSE'S *answer to occasional isolated words like "Balance of Power," "Two keels to one," "Budget," "Loan," "Concessions," "Open Door," "Railways," "Conscription," "Morocco," "Persia," "Baghdad," "Money markets"; none of which words, however, lead to anything intelligible. Gradually* THE MUSE *gets to look horribly depressed, then angry, much to the amusement of* SATAN, *who is watching her face. He suddenly switches off the current; the gramophone wheezes, the screen becomes blank. Like a person at a concert,* THE MUSE *snatches this opportunity to turn round, draw her draperies over her head, and say:*)

THE MUSE. Quite so, I understand. Most remarkable, I'm sure. Thank you, dear Lord Satan. But I fear the Ages-to-Come and I must now be saying good-bye and going on.

(THE MUSE *extends her hand very frigidly.*)

SATAN. Oh, don't go away, dear Clio. You know you have no other engagement, and are merely bored. There now, don't protest, my dear old friend. I warned you it would be horribly *bourgeois*. I ought also to have warned you. . . . But, forgive me, dearest Muse, I couldn't resist the temptation of trying a little experiment upon you and your friends.

THE MUSE (*furious and dignified*). An experiment on *me*? You . . . have ventured to play a practical joke on the Ages-to-Come and me? I might have guessed as much, if I had not had too much belief in your

good breeding, my Lord. Of course, it was evident that all this tosh had nothing to do with the *Ballet of the Nations*. But I never could have believed this was Satan's notion of a joke!

SATAN. It is not a joke. What you have seen and heard is the most serious thing in the Universe. It is *Reality*. Only you couldn't recognise it.

THE MUSE. I have had enough of your jests, my Lord. It is enough you should have ventured to bore me with this pointless stuff—all about nothing at all; absolutely devoid of meaning.

SATAN (*gravely*). Yet the outcome of it was my *Ballet of the Nations*. Allow me to tell you, dear old Clio, that the meaning discernible in Reality depends upon the eye and mind of him who witnesses and hears it. And when Reality happens to be a fragment so vast, wide-spreading, and intricate, and of such long duration as the preliminaries of my Ballet, it needs perchance an eye accustomed to Eternities to take in the connection and put two and two together. To you, who are a kind of artist, it means nothing; since you, dear Clio, take no interest in the slow accumulation of cause and effect which is called Fate. The world's microscopic building by the heaping up of corpse on corpse of limestone-insects in the ocean depths and their ages-long upheaval into Alpine ranges is nothing to you. And similarly with men's affairs. Why, even my Ballet, as I heard you recording it, was not the real thing, though you thought it was. *That* catastrophe was long indeed, horrible, hideous, wonderful, heroic, more than you guessed, and far more really dramatic than all the fireworks and antics you eloquently described. But it was also frivolous in part, and eminently boring. Reality is boring, nine-tenths of it, and therefore unrecorded. I own I wanted to try how much you might be able to discern; that wasn't fair on an old friend, perhaps. Forgive me, therefore; and to make amends for thus abusing of your patience on false pretences, let me manipulate Reality so that you can take it in. Look! I will change the gearing of my magic apparatus, make the recorded acts and words, which were scattered, interrupted, or too long drawn out, gather up into scenes intelligible to a distinguished critic of the drama like you. I will precipitate the action, omit details, isolate essentials, typify the gestures, and parody the words. I will, to please you, transform Reality which seems to have no point into bare Caricature which *has*. Here is a little selection from pre-war years. Look, Clio, and listen!

(SATAN *begins taking discs out of a drawer and inserts one into the gramophone. He continues pulling out and putting in discs all through the performance.*)

SATAN. Now, my dear Muse of History, we will begin with a little selection of scenes leading up to my Ballet. I am really ashamed that the emptiness of my poor green room should oblige you and your appreciative friends to remain standing. But you will see and hear only the better.

(*The cinema picture steadies itself into a newspaper office, with two men at a table. One, rather vulgar and unkempt, pours out a brandy and soda for the other, who is very well groomed and well mannered.*)

1ST VOICE (*vulgar and jocular*). Of course, one doesn't expect you official gentlemen ever to know what concerns them. What's that old definition of a diplomat, eh? *Jamais rien vu, jamais rien su, jamais rien pu*. . . . So I won't waste my valuable time in making you guess what your principal Ally is engaged in doing at this particular present moment.

2ND VOICE (*well-bred, hesitating*). My principal ally . . . you mean . . . ?

1ST VOICE. Yes, my good man, *your* principal ally—your dear, devoted ally.

2ND VOICE. Well, and what *is* he doing?

1ST VOICE. Doing? Doing behind your back, or rather under your nose. Why, *he's busy burying the hatchet* with the other chaps. What do you say to that, eh?

2ND VOICE. Do you mean those people of Ogreland? Good heavens, that can never happen! You *must* be misinformed, my dear Editor.

1ST VOICE. I tell you it's happening at this very moment. He's going to open his money market to them. *Now* will you believe? "*Peace all round, or the European happy family.*" That's what's being arranged behind your back. Perhaps that will suit your policy, eh? Only please remember, my good fellow, that if you suddenly discover that the Balance of Power has gone to pot, it won't have been *my* fault!

2ND VOICE (*more than ever well-bred*). Good heavens! Good heavens! . . . You must have been misinformed.

(*The gramophone wheezes and the screen becomes blank.* SATAN *changes the disc. The cinema shows the committee-room of an International Armament Trust; directors, some of them visibly ex-military and ex-naval officers, speaking with various foreign accents.*)

CHAIRMAN. I regret extremely having to tell you, my dear Rear-Admiral, that this Board has not re-elected you for the coming year. The fact is that ever since your last daughter made such a very good marriage, it has seemed to us that you no longer display the usual energy in dealing with your former naval colleagues.

EX-REAR-ADMIRAL (*stiffening himself*). Sir, allow me to tell this Committee quite plainly that what you refer to has no sort of connection with my daughter's marriage. What you asked of me about obtaining that those ships, built only five years ago, should be scrapped, is a thing I could not honourably undertake. There is a limit to what an honest man can do. Those ships were perfectly up-to-date, in my opinion.

A DIRECTOR (*German accent*). You forget that unless they were scrapped and new ones ordered it became extremely difficult for me to insist on my ex-naval colleagues in Ogreland ordering new ships. There was nothing on which to base an agitation in my country.

CHAIRMAN. Let me assure you, my dear Admiral, that our Committee is most grateful for your past services; and, of course, now all your daughters are so well married and you are yourself a widower, you must, of course, please yourself in such matters.

EX-REAR-ADMIRAL. Oh, but . . . the fact is . . . I'm going to marry again.

CHAIRMAN. In that case I have no doubt this Committee will be delighted to re-elect so valuable a member a couple of years hence.

(*Exit* EX-REAR-ADMIRAL.)

CHAIRMAN. And now we had better take this opportunity of examining the expenses of the last mission to Great Bearland and the Far East. General, I regret to express this Board's surprise at the magnitude of the sums which you have spent in this work.

EX-GENERAL (*Russian accent*). What, you insinuate . . .

CHAIRMAN. We insinuate nothing. We merely point to the bill presented for your working expenses.

EX-GENERAL. Gentlemen, I can assure you—*je vous jure, parole d'honneur*—that I am seriously out of pocket on that transaction. The Prime Minister suddenly doubled his claims when he understood how much we required the concession for those new steelworks in my country. He went so far as to threaten to hint to the Government of Ogreland that it was all bluff, and that they needn't set up similar additional works in reply. He had the knife at our throats. Hardly had I settled with him—and most satisfactorily, you will agree—when up came two Grand Dukes wanting loans, and the Archimandrite Simeon, who has the Monarch's ear, and was

horribly insistent. Indeed, I still have to deliver a diamond *rivière* I had to promise to a lady very influential in all armament matters. *Parole d'honneur,* I am a ruined man if you dismiss me, and a ruined man may become a desperate one.

CHAIRMAN. We will look once more into your business, be assured, General. Let us pass on.

LEVANTINE DIRECTOR. Have you remarked, gentlemen, that those Socialist ruffians have again proposed at their International Congress to bring pressure on the various Governments to nationalise all armament industries?

FRENCH DIRECTOR. The chief Socialist leaders shall be given subordinate seats in their respective Ministries. We know how to deal with Socialists and turn them into first-class patriots, don't we?

GERMAN DIRECTOR. Perhaps in your country. In my view, we want a good European war to break up these precious pacifists, and put the rest of them in prison.

ENGLISH DIRECTOR. All very fine, but I'm not convinced that actual war is really to our advantage; it would, of course, represent a rapid momentary turnover of capital. But if it lasted too long it might result in universal bankruptcy and disarmament.

FRENCH DIRECTOR. Bah! The victor would always have to arm against the vanquished, and a nation is never too bankrupt for that.

AMERICAN DIRECTOR. I agree that, on the whole, and so long as we keep on changing the fashion sufficiently often and making these nations compete sufficiently, armed peace is really more to our advantage.

CHAIRMAN. Besides, it will, of course, lead to war in a natural and thoroughgoing way. So *I* am for armed peace. . . .

(The gramophone wheezes and the screen becomes blank. SATAN *changes the disc. The cinema now represents an absurdly furnished drawing-room in a modern hotel. Two elderly gentlemen smoking cigars on a divan.)*

1ST VOICE. There is nothing in the world my country and Government would like better than European peace based upon our friendship.

2ND VOICE. A friendship between us and European peace based upon it is the greatest desideratum of my Government and country.

1ST VOICE. But then you have allies. . . .

2ND VOICE. But then you have an *entente*. . . .

1ST VOICE. Oh, never for purposes of aggression.

2ND VOICE. Oh, only for purposes of self-defence.

1ST VOICE. What *is* aggression?

2ND VOICE. What *is* self-defence?

1ST VOICE. What *is* an alliance?

2ND VOICE. What *is* an *entente*?

1ST VOICE. Ah, my dear Excellency, you are well aware that, as philosophers tells us, there are many important things, like Truth, Beauty, Goodness, which no man can define, but all men can recognise. Who, for instance, shall give us a precise definition of what constitutes a *muddle*? Yet it may happen to all of us to find ourselves in one.

(The gramophone wheezes. SATAN *changes the disc. The cinema represents the deck of a yacht. The same two elderly gentlemen are walking up and down in appropriate garments, smoking cigarettes.)*

1ST VOICE. I think I may say that my Government and country would be delighted to hand over to you the chief harbours belonging to the Queen of Sheba.

2ND VOICE. I feel convinced that my Government and country would make no difficulties about your Protectorate of North Xanadu.

1ST VOICE. I think I am expressing the cordial pleasure with which both countries would divide up the regions of the River Alph.

2ND VOICE. In fact, nothing could be more remarkable than the way in which the interests of both countries coincide.

1ST VOICE. All my Government and country would ask is an assurance that you cease increasing your Navy for the next ten years from now.

2ND VOICE. Oh, but my Government has just undertaken to increase its Navy during a period of ten years.

1ST VOICE. Then we shall have to build three keels to your one.

2ND VOICE. Then we shall have to demand a new military credit.

(*A slight pause. They walk the length of the deck.*)

1ST VOICE. How delightful it is to realise that your Excellency is a countryman of the illustrious thinker who wrote the first "Treatise on Perpetual Peace"!

2ND VOICE. I cannot tell you, Excellency, how eagerly I am looking forward to your elucidation of Hegel's principle of Universal Reconciliation.

1ST VOICE. Ah, yes, Hegel's *Versöhnung*, the Reconciliation of Contradictions. That is at the bottom of philosophy, to my humble thinking.

2ND VOICE. The Reconciliation of Contradictions as the guiding principle in history! What a depth in that notion! Which reminds me: Does your Government happen to have any engagements besides those we are aware of?

1ST VOICE. That depends upon what you are aware of; but surely your Excellency must be aware of everything that is in the least degree interesting. Yes, yes! *Versöhnung!* What a wonderful principle! *Versöhn* . . .

(*The gramophone wheezes. The screen becomes blank.* SATAN *inserts another disc. The cinema shows the interior of a sugar refinery in foreign parts; through the window a group of tall chimneys are belching black smoke into a withered pine and a medieval belfry. The place is flagged and garlanded, and a brass band is braying at the foot of a staircase among a crowd of sickly and ragged workpeople. This is in honour of a Minister who has been visiting the factory in company with several manufacturers in close-buttoned frockcoats, with lavender kid gloves stuck in the breast; also a General covered with gold, a prelate with purple buttons down his front, and a professor in spectacles, manuscript bulging his pockets. On a table, along with cigars, is a tray of thick sandwiches and tall glasses of a steaming beverage.*)

THE MINISTER (*while the band plays downstairs*). Let me congratulate you on the excellence of your punch. It gives a most favourable impression of your sugar, my dear Baron. May I examine a lump? (*Takes one from the sugar-basin and examines it carefully through his eyeglass.*) Ha! beautifully crystalline—a credit to our country!

1ST MANUFACTURER. No, Excellency, this really is cane-sugar, *not* beetroot, as better suited for punch. . . . Our own sugar, owing to the chemical properties of our soil, is rather deficient . . . I mean, it has none of that cloying sweetness which obliges one to use cane-sugar with so much discretion for ordinary purposes.

THE MINISTER. Ah! I quite understand. (*Raises his glass.*) I drink to our beetroot-sugar industry, which, thanks to the wonderful commercial genius of this distinguished syndicate—and, I may add, the fostering care of an enlightened Government, which knows how to temper theoretical Free Trade with practical Protection—has filled this once sylvan district with tall chimneys and given work in abundance—I am told wages rise to fourteen shillings weekly in good years—to thousands of industrious families who were languishing in the monotony of a corn-grower's life.

(Everyone bows and clinks glasses. At a sign of the chief manufacturer the crowd shouts "Long live our illustrious Minister of Agriculture and Commerce!" and disperses. The gentlemen, after much bowing, take seats and go on drinking and smoking huge cigars.)

1ST MANUFACTURER. Well, my dear Minister, you have now seen the miracles which beetroot-sugar has accomplished; the desert, as the Prophet says, has blossomed like a rose! (*He waves towards the chimneys, which are emitting a very sickening smoke. Everyone claps.*) Well, what my fellow-directors and myself beg you now to say to our Government is that all this splendid progress is threatened by a very serious deficit which is staring our shareholders in the face. Fostered by wise Government measures which protected our infant manufacture from alien competition, our beet-sugar industry has attracted so much capital and labour that we have increased our plant and production, and now find ourselves with vast quantities of sugar which the country, I grieve to say, refuses to absorb with the celerity needed for our dividends. . . .

ANOTHER MANUFACTURER What our illustrious Baron says applies almost exactly to the steel industry, which has developed so miraculously considering our country's total lack of coal and iron.

ANOTHER MANUFACTURER. The cotton industry is not in quite so bad a way yet, but the high prices at which, thanks to wise Governmental fostering, we have been able to sell our wares by the exclusion of foreign ones, is resulting in a remarkable contraction of the demand. People are going about in rags, as your Excellency doubtless notices.

THE MINISTER (*getting uncomfortable*). Well, my dear Baron—for a grateful country honours you by the title of Baron of Sugar, Baron of Steel, and Baron of Cotton—why not sell outside the country?

(*The manufacturers look at each other aghast.*)

1ST MANUFACTURER. But sugar is only a quarter the price in other countries. Our climate is unfavourable.

2ND MANUFACTURER. But I had explained that we have neither iron nor steel, and that a spade or scythe costs four times as much in our country as abroad.

3RD MANUFACTURER. You can get six English cotton shirts for the price of one of ours!

THE MINISTER. In that case, I really don't see what I can do for you!

1ST MANUFACTURER (*solemnly*). Sir, this illustrious geographer here will inform you that there exists, not very far from our seas and in close contact with some of those Colonies which spread our civilisation, a Nation of Negroes . . .

PROFESSOR (*bows and pulls MS. out of his pocket*). Negroes now subjects of the Queen of Sheba, but whom monolithic monuments show to have been under the influence of their ancestors of the Later Stone Age; moreover, pronouncedly Brachycephalous and . . .

1ST MANUFACTURER (*pushes the* PROFESSOR *aside*). Quite so, quite so. Our illustrious Geographer was going to add that these negroes . . .

PROFESSOR. . . . Brachycephalous, please remember, and possessing monolithic monuments . . .

1ST MANUFACTURER. . . . Already consume many thousand tons of cane-sugar from the West Indies . . .

2ND MANUFACTURER. . . . Import a considerable supply of steel and iron implements from England . . .

3RD MANUFACTURER. . . . Clothe themselves, however scantily, in cotton goods from India . . .

THE MINISTER. Ah!

1ST MANUFACTURER. Well, sir, these negroes . . .

SATAN'S EPILOGUE TO THE WAR

PROFESSOR. . . . Distinctly Brachycephalous, and connected with our ancestors by these monolithic monuments . .

1ST MANUFACTURER. . . . These negroes must be made to eat, or at least buy, *our* sugar.

2ND MANUFACTURER. They must use *our* iron and steel implements, and, if possible, *our* steel rails.

3RD MANUFACTURER. They must clothe themselves, so far as the climate allows of any clothing, in *our* cotton goods.

THE MINISTER. Do you expect me to order your Brachy . . . negroes to transfer their custom to you?

PROFESSOR. Allow me to answer his Excellency. These negroes, being, as I said, Brachycephalous and closely connected by their monuments with our own earliest civilisation, are ardently desirous of being reunited to our ancient—I might say primeval—Empire.

1ST MANUFACTURER. And once this desire is fulfilled, they will naturally benefit by all the progress we have since achieved. They will participate in our administration and be shielded by our laws; and, of course, our beneficent system of commercial and industrial protection . . .

GENERAL. They will enrol themselves, or be conscripted, enthusiastically under our victorious banners, and form a contingent the more important that their birth-rate runs to thirty or forty children apiece.

PRELATE. They will abandon their idolatry and embrace our pure and peaceful religion, abjuring the slave trade.

THE MINISTER. But what you propose means a war of annexation; and besides the Queen of Sheba, who at present owns these negroes, I am informed that every other nation, except the one which already supplies them with necessaries under a mistaken Free Trade *régime,* has earmarked them similarly for annexation.

GENERAL. But we can conquer them with next to no expense or loss of time from our Colonies.

PRELATE. But the Barefooted Friars have already bought immense tracts of land among them for their missionary schools, and our pious Clerical Banks have mortgaged other vast tracts from their chiefs.

THE MINISTER. But all this will embroil us with our neighbours. . . It means new alliances, increased armaments. It may end in a European war . . .

PROFESSOR. . . . Unless, Excellency, it be made to coincide with a European war. . . .

GENERAL. It is the simplest way of enlarging our military effectives without raising our own conscription to five years.

PRELATE. It is the simplest way of giving additional souls to Christ.

1ST MANUFACTURER. It is the only way to save the beetroot-sugar industry.

2ND MANUFACTURER. And the iron and steel industry.

3RD MANUFACTURER. And the cotton industry.

THE MINISTER. Not so fast! It isn't my business, you know. I am a man of peace! I can only undertake to lay your suggestions before my colleagues in some future Cabinet Council.

PROFESSOR. Pray remember, Excellency, that these negroes are Brachycephalous, and that their monolithic monuments proclaim them to have originally belonged, if not to our race, at all events to our Stone Age culture.

1ST MANUFACTURER. It may be more to the point if your Excellency will lay before your colleagues of the Cabinet that, not only our shareholders have votes, but, thanks to the progress of democracy in our enlightened country, every one of our thousands of operatives enjoys the same privilege. And if our industries, and especially our sugar industry . . .

2ND MANUFACTURER. . . . And our steel industry . . .

3RD MANUFACTURER. . . . And our cotton industry . . .

1ST MANUFACTURER. . . . Are not provided with a new *débouché* protected by our flag from alien competition, why, all those millions of votes will go to the Socialists!

THE MINISTER (*hurriedly*). I will give your message, gentlemen. (*The band plays.*)

(*The gramophone wheezes.*)

THE MUSE. De-lightful!

(SATAN *smiles, and inserts a new disc.*)

SATAN. I'm so pleased you like it so far. We're now coming to something more *mouvementé,* as you would say, dear Clio.

(*The cinema represents a palace garden full of allegorical statues and triumphal arches. A Monarch is walking up and down in company with two or three Generals. An equerry presents a telegram to the Monarch, who, after opening it negligently, gives a tremendous start.*)

1ST VOICE. Good God! *Nein! unglaublich!* Gentlemen, of what do you think that this despatch acquaints me? My venerable cousin's young cousin, the Heir-Apparent of the most ancient and most Christian Empire of Felix-Nube, has just been murdered near the railway station of a small town in a disaffected district he was graciously visiting.

SEVERAL VOICES. What! Prince Balthasar-Augustin? The hope of Felix-Nube? Murdered! Dead! Your Majesty does not say so!

1ST VOICE (*much distressed*). *Murdered!* Shot dead with his—although, of course, only morganatic—Consort. The heir of so great a Monarchy! Good Lord, Good Lord, gentlemen, what—*what,* I ask you—WHAT is this world coming to?

2ND VOICE (*bluntly*). Coming to, your Majesty? Why, to the very thing most urgently needed for the world's moral salvation!

3RD VOICE. This truly regrettable and most atrociously criminal event may yet—once we have brought our tribute of tears to the noble and lamented Prince—may yet—I say it subject to the All Highest's correction—turn out the greatest stroke of luck your Empire has had for many years.

1ST VOICE (*extremely perturbed*). Luck? Have you no sense of moral fitness, my dear General? Don't you understand that it is a *Prince* who has been murdered?—a *Crown Prince,* a member of one of the most august and sacred reigning families, an Heir-Apparent, almost on the steps of a throne. Moreover, my first cousin. Alas, alas! that heaven should have been pleased to send us to live in these godless, democratic days!

3RD VOICE. Undoubtedly a dreadful trial for all right-minded and pious men! But your Majesty's grief should not blind the All Highest's perspicacious eyes to the fact that this providentially timed crime affords the opportunity of making an end, once and for always, to all this unmanly and dangerous democratic twaddle.

1ST VOICE. General, what *do* you mean? You seem shockingly insensible to the horror of political assassination.

2ND VOICE (*solemnly*). The medicine for political assassination, and for all Socialistic and irreligious unrest, your Majesty, is the ancient purge and tonic vouchsafed by heaven for a sickly world: *War!*

(*The gramophone wheezes.*)

THE MUSE. Capital! First-rate!

(*The cinema shows a verandah by the riverside. People in flannels at lunch, also ladies.*)

1ST VOICE. I really must tell you and our *si spirituelle* hostess a very funny thing which occurred this morning. It is really unheard-of and most amusing, and confirms all our opinions of certain persons. Well, then, at ten o'clock, while I was finishing my *déjeuner à l'anglaise,* who

should come but my secretary, with a face a yard long, to tell me that six months ago you had made a naval engagement with our amiable common neighbours. I told him he must be dreaming, for my Government had never told me a word about it. Or is it possible that my enemies have left me in the dark on purpose? Do tell me!

2ND VOICE (*laughing immoderately*). That *is* a good joke! That old story! You *are* to be congratulated on your secretary, my dear Excellency. Why, it's in Hansard! There was a question in the House, and I duly answered it. Now I want you to try this vulgar beverage which is sacred to river-parties in this country. It is called Shandy-gaff!

1ST VOICE. *Shandy-gaff!* Ah, so! This is Shandy-gaff which I have read about in your great novelist Dickens. Do let me taste it! You know I adore all local customs, everything that has the *goût du terroir* . . .

(*The gramophone wheezes. The cinema represents an Imperial wardrobe with rows and rows of different uniforms hanging in open presses. The Monarch is walking up and down, attended by his staff and by an Ambassador in mutton-chop whiskers. The Monarch occasionally stops and pulls out the sleeve or trouser-leg of one of the uniforms and looks at it very gravely.*)

1ST VOICE. Why, I have kept Europe at peace for twenty-five years.

2ND VOICE (THE AMBASSADOR). The very reason, so please your Majesty, for not keeping Europe at peace a twenty-sixth. Let me implore your Majesty not to become imbued with those pacifist illusions which, however creditable to the idealism of your Imperial heart, merely prevent your Majesty seeing the real dangers of the present situation. The great White Bear . . .

1ST VOICE. Dear old Nikky! Now that's a pacifist and idealist, if you like! (*Laughs.*) There's nothing to fear from his side. His family and mine have always adored each other *au fond*; and, after all, we, and of course your venerable Master of Felix-Nube, are the only real Monarchs still left in the world.

2ND VOICE. Your Majesty's dear Nikky may adore *you* as much as you choose, but it's different with us in Felix-Nube. His *entourage* is bent upon breaking up our Monarchy for the benefit of his little vassals.

1ST VOICE. *Allons donc!* My dear Ambassador! Why, Nikky's *entourage* is composed of monks and archimandrites.

2ND VOICE. And behind these are his Heads of Police, who know that the only way of staving off a new and final revolution—your Majesty knows there is a general strike threatened in Hyperborea—is to embark upon a Holy War.

1ST VOICE. Not a bad idea, either. It might be the way to stop all these confounded Socialists. Though, of course, dear Excellency, *I* have only to say a word, and all my Socialists will recognise that I represent all that is sane and practical in Socialism. They would all rally round my victorious, and in all essentials eminently modern and progressive, banner.

2ND VOICE. No doubt, no doubt. But if your Majesty will allow me to return to my previous remark, your country and mine are encircled by enemies, and there can be no doubt that the great White Bear . . . Then there is our amiable Cisalpine ally getting a little tired of its famous *tour de valse* with your Majesty, and making eyes at partners on the other side!

1ST VOICE. Yes, the ungrateful little baggage! And we who have given it one province after another and enabled it to have a far better army and navy than it ever wanted! All the same, our dear little Machiavels know which side their bread is buttered, and my Cisalpine cousin has just made me a Colonel of his Hundred Halberdiers. Here, you see, is the uniform, not quite worthy of the ancient artistic fame of that country; when I think what a design for a helmet, real Renaissance, but quite practical, *I* could have made them! But you were saying, my

dear Ambassador? (*The Monarch glances over his shoulder at a pier-glass and adjusts his moustache, then continues turning over the uniforms.*) You were, I think, saying . . .

2ND VOICE. Then there is the perfidious Leviathan building three keels to your one. It has, moreover, engaged to defend the coasts of Marianne, and entered into an informal agreement with the White Bear.

1ST VOICE. Oh, Leviathan is all right, my dear Excellency! They love me because I give them such good advice about Colonial warfare and the laying out of public promenades, and because I was so attentive to my venerable ancestress; I never failed to send her flowers on her birthday. Besides, they have a Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform Ministry, and their hands full with those odd Mavourneen people whom I had to lunch here lately. The proof is that they have just made me Colonel of their Mountain Artillery—a becoming uniform for a Sovereign who happens to have a leg, though a little chilly. (*The Monarch caresses a kilt in one of the open wardrobes.*)

2ND VOICE. All the more reason, your Majesty, for choosing this moment to have done, once and for all, with that alliance between the White Bear and Marianne. We could smash them in a week.

1ST VOICE. But I don't like war, only preparedness for war, which is necessary to brace a noble nation's spirits—at least, I don't like war more than a member of my family always *must* like war. Of course, the lamented Prince Balthasar-Augustin was a very pleasant, well-informed man, even if he did marry beneath his rank, though I'm bound to say—and I said it to my wife—that the lady was quite presentable. But it really is no business of mine if he got himself murdered. And Felix-Nube is, luckily, well off for Heirs not quite so apparent, but quite ready to put in an appearance—eh, my dear Ambassador? (*Laughs at his own joke.*)

2ND VOICE (*desperately*). Sir, sir, remember that when you have allowed the White Bear and your Cisalpine cousin to eat up Felix-Nube, you will be left without a friend in the world. You can't ally yourself, come now, with these preposterous cut-throat little nations whom Felix-Nube is supposed to oppress. A word in time, your Majesty! Your Monarchy requires Felix-Nube as much as Felix-Nube requires you!

1ST VOICE. Require *you?* For what, I wonder? Against the toy militia of Leviathan and its Liberal shopkeepers, who will never make war, least of all in favour of a barbarous Asiatic despotism and against a scion of their Royal house? Or against those degenerates of Marianne, with their most un-Christian two-child *régime?* No, no, don't let's exaggerate, my dear Ambassador.

2ND VOICE (*with vehement solemnity*). Sir, let not history have to record that when the call came from on High, to save from destruction the most venerable throne of all Europe, it happened that the greatest living Monarch, the mystic Grail King, consecrated to be God's right hand, hesitated for a moment. . . . I implore your Majesty's forgiveness for my unseemly vehemence. Love for my august, heartbroken master has caused me to overstep . . . And that reminds me: What message shall I take my aged Sovereign from your Majesty?

1ST VOICE (*rhetorically, with a fine gesture*). Tell him that whensoever God's mandate comes, then will the Grail King . . . (*Interrupts himself and continues hurriedly.*) In short, please say all sorts of kind things to the good old man, and tell him that my Consort and myself will send a little tribute of flowers to put upon the poor Crown Prince's coffin. And now I really must be off to refresh my mind on my new yacht. Also I have to say a few encouraging words to my valiant U-boats. *Good*-bye.

(*The gramophone wheezes.* SATAN *changes the disc. The cinema shows a room in the War Office of Ogreland. The Ambassador with mutton-chop whiskers in private converse with two or three Generals.*)

AMBASSADOR. He really is impossible to deal with, excuse my saying so. I thought I had moved him a little by playing on the religious-romantic, the Wagner, stop. I went so far as to compare him with the Grail King. But there it is; one's always up against that . . . that extraordinary dislike he has to bloodshed.

1ST GENERAL. Poor fellow! It's quite genuine. It's a constitutional idiosyncrasy. Some people feel like that about oysters; a Field-Marshal I once knew couldn't be in the same room with them. But, believe me, dear Ambassador, he'll be all right once the band strikes up and there's a call for prancing and eloquence.

2ND GENERAL. Only let him be safe out of our way for the next few days. I'll answer for him once the die is cast.

AMBASSADOR. *Once the die is cast.* But who is to cast it?

1ST GENERAL. Why, Felix-Nube, to be sure.

AMBASSADOR. Will you undertake to get it regarded by your people as a *casus fœderis?*

1ST GENERAL. Oh, well, a *casus fœderis* is going a little too far, our alliance being purely defensive. Rather let us say a blank cheque. We offer to exert our influence with you in favour of peace. Then we turn our backs—do you see?

AMBASSADOR. And when *we* look round, will you promise to be standing there . . . well, in your celebrated shining armour? (*The door has opened and the Monarch enters.*) Oh, I was not aware that your Majesty was honouring our little chat with your presence. . . . Indeed, I imagined your Majesty was off on your cruise. . . .

MONARCH. So I should be if they hadn't made a trifling mistake in executing my design for a Viking's uniform. But what were you saying about shining armour, eh?

AMBASSADOR. Only alluding to the Grail King, your Majesty. Only remarking how conducive that immortal remark of your Majesty's had been to keep the peace of Europe!

MONARCH. Ha! My words *are* really as persuasive as my guns! Good-bye for the moment, and my love to my aged cousin.

1ST GENERAL. Once he's well out of the way you just proceed with your well-known moderation and discretion in the matter of that ultimatum.

AMBASSADOR. Do you mean, as it says on the Kodaks, "just press the button"?

2ND GENERAL (*laughing*). "And we'll do the rest."

(*The gramophone wheezes.* SATAN *changes the disc. The cinematograph shows a library. Two Statesmen, one of whom we have seen previously, pretending to play chess.*)

THE OTHER STATESMAN. I fear, then, that your mission must be considered a failure?

THE USUAL STATESMAN. By no means a failure, since it has cleared away all doubts; and, if the situation develop, all hesitation. It was no good offering them concessions in the Queen of Sheba's territory, or anywhere else; no good threatening to increase our armaments if they persisted in increasing theirs. They say they want peace; but it isn't what *we* consider peace. In similar cases the only possible way to reconcile conflicting contingencies is for us also to offer peace, but prepare for war. I may say with a clear conscience that throughout my whole career I have done my best to proceed in both these contrary directions.

THE OTHER STATESMAN. You have, indeed; and I'm sure the world will never forget your services. But, meanwhile, all this preparing for war while trying for peace costs a devil of a lot; it might almost be described as spelling ruin, let alone unpopularity. Our people, who can't be expected to understand the underlying philosophy of this policy, are getting bored with this endless building and scrapping expensive navies. This *para-*

bellum policy leaves our party with neither money nor leisure for the vast internal reforms to which it is pledged. There is education, housing, land tenure, endowment for research, baby culture, and the reform of the House of Lords. But how can we turn to any of these things so long as those ruffians go on piling up armies and navies, and oblige us to addle our brains about Budgets? Upon my word, this armed peace, these hostile camps of alliances, are worse than war!

THE USUAL STATESMAN. Worse than war?

THE OTHER STATESMAN. Oh, well, of course one doesn't mean such remarks to be taken literally! Of course, war is the most unparalleled of calamities, the most unthinkable horror; indeed, one which no decent mind can bear to contemplate. Still, one can't help sometimes just thinking how delightfully peaceful it would be if only one had made an end of it all.

THE USUAL STATESMAN. Do you mean—ahem!—made an end to *them?*

THE OTHER STATESMAN. Oh, well, perhaps not to *them*; indeed, certainly *not to them.* I'm sure this country wouldn't wish to make an end to so much as a fly . . . I mean . . . make an end to their—shall we say?—militarism. Once that were thoroughly cleared away, why one might get rid of the Balance of Power, that . . . what was it Bright called it?—*something* idol . . . ah, yes, *foul* idol. I always did think Bright's language was sometimes a little excessive. One might have a Concert of Nations—of Free Nations! A peaceful and democratic world!

THE USUAL STATESMAN. Ah, yes, the lion and the lamb, as Isaiah recommended in such a highly practical spirit! That idea is, indeed, at the bottom of all my political philosophy; and, I may say, of all my practical efforts. The reconciliation of the two conflicting ideas, Peace and War!

THE OTHER STATESMAN. It is, indeed, the basis of all true statesmanship. Only how to do it?

THE USUAL STATESMAN. My dear Lord, this country has been in no doubt about *how to do it.* Quite half a dozen times in its career, and to its eternal credit and the salvation of mankind. Take Philip II.—Louis XIV.—Napoleon. There is no doubt that, in the last case especially, we gave peace—the Peace of Vienna—to Europe.

THE OTHER STATESMAN. True. We did it in all those cases by crushing the other party. And that, unhappily, requires war. And war is a horror which no decent man can so much as think of; and which this country, and especially the Liberals in this country, would regard as an inexpiable crime.

THE USUAL STATESMAN. Not if the other people begin.

THE OTHER STATESMAN. To be sure—(*he starts very slightly*). That hadn't occurred to me.

THE USUAL STATESMAN. *Quem Deus vult* . . . What is the exact quotation about the gods making people mad when they want to undo them?

THE OTHER STATESMAN. I fear my Latin has got rather rusty; but I grasp the meaning, although I can't quite parse it. . . .

THE USUAL STATESMAN. In the same way I often think there is a deeper meaning—an ethical and political meaning—in the information given us by Scripture that the Lord *hardened the heart of Pharaoh.* . . .

THE OTHER STATESMAN. Wasn't that just a bit rough on Pharaoh? And there were a lot of plagues and massacres which, though quite legitimate then, would shock our modern conscience. A certain disregard to increased human suffering . . .

THE USUAL STATESMAN. My dear old friend, allow me to remind you that ethics, which is the science of good and evil, has nothing to do with increase or decrease of suffering. Ethics takes cognisance only of Responsibilities.

THE OTHER STATESMAN. Is that so? Well, of course, war undoubtedly *does* increase suffering, and in so far is a most shocking thing to the modern conscience. One couldn't possibly make oneself responsible for it, could one?

SATAN'S EPILOGUE TO THE WAR

THE USUAL STATESMAN (*with a deprecating gesture, looking up from the chessboard*). Of *course* not. But if it were forced upon one . . .

(*The gramophone wheezes. The cinema shows a Ministerial smoking-room. Two diplomatists engaged in conversation—one like a very old, thin racehorse, the other like a very podgy pony.*)

1ST VOICE. I can only repeat that your Government need not be in the least degree nervous. We cannot, indeed, commit ourselves to anything so definite as a promise, but, while keeping our hands completely free, we can assure your Excellency of our hearty co-operation.

2ND VOICE. But, *mon cher collègue,* you must allow me to point out that . . . if we are to . . . we really require . . . *Enfin, vous admettez, n'est-ce pas?*

1ST VOICE. One moment! They want me on the telephone. Will you look at *Punch?* Hullo! . . . oh, it's you . . . quite well, thanks. I hope you didn't catch cold on the river. Oh . . . do I understand that your people are asking about an order for additional battleships? They've had confidential information from our friend of the International Armament Trust? Tell them it's probably a little bit of commercial advertisement. Good-bye! (*Rings off.*) Forgive me, dear Excellency. You were saying? Let me repeat that your Excellency has not the least need to feel nervous. We can only . . .

2ND VOICE. *Mais, permettez, permettez* . . . I require . . .

(*The gramophone wheezes. The cinema shows the House of Commons, very empty.*)

AN AUTHORITATIVE VOICE. The answer is in the negative.

(*The gramophone wheezes. The cinema represents the drawing-room of a Peeress. A committee of ladies at a table.*)

1ST FEMALE VOICE. Madam Chairman, I wish to point out to this Committee for supplying hospital requisites for our troops in Ireland . . .

2ND FEMALE VOICE. Order! order! I shall proceed to read to this Committee the resolution empowering your Chairman to inquire of each member how many wounded volunteers from Ireland she can undertake to make room for within . . .

3RD FEMALE VOICE. Those darling volunteers! But I'm certain that dear Holy Roman Majesty will come to their assistance! Anything, I always say, rather than separation from the Mother Country!

(*The gramophone wheezes. The screen remains blank.*)

THE MUSE. Enchanting! It's heating up!

SATAN. It is. What's coming ought to be reeled off at a tearing pace; but I shall slow my machine so that you may be able to follow. So!

(SATAN *sets going both apparatuses. The cinema keeps running one picture into another. The gramophone snaps out a series of short sentences, each punctuated with a wheeze.*)

1ST VOICE. I must point out to your Excellency that the Treaty of 1796 makes express provision . . .

2ND VOICE. The sanctity of International Agreements imperatively demands . . .

3RD VOICE. Self-defence can know no law.

4TH VOICE. The Balance of Power absolutely requires . . .

5TH VOICE. National honour is engaged . . .

6TH VOICE. We should be left without a friend . . .

7TH VOICE. Neutrality . . .

8TH VOICE. Integrity . . .

9TH VOICE. Independence . . .

10TH VOICE. Diplomatic secrecy obliges us . . .

11TH VOICE. The *Times* has a leading article . . .

12TH VOICE. Public opinion in this country insists . . .

13TH VOICE. Such a thing as war is utterly inconceivable.
14TH VOICE. Infamous proposals!
15TH VOICE. Scraps of paper!
16TH VOICE. My passports!

(SATAN *slows off a little. The cinema shows a railway platform with train drawn up. People with bouquets at the windows of the train; others bowing on the platform.*)

1ST VOICE. *Au revoir, chère Excellence! Bon voyage.*
2ND VOICE (*at the window*). I shall never forget the Guard of Honour! I am indeed touched. *Vous m'avez comblé de prévenances.* . . . There is nothing to come up to your dear country . .

(*The train starts. Hats are waved. The gramophone wheezes. The cinema shows only a blank, but a voice says:* Now we must have a good Press. *There is a sudden wheezing pause, during which the* AGES-TO-COME *exchange looks of foolish intelligence.*)

THE MUSE. How truly fascinating! Do let us have some more, my dear Satan!

SATAN. It is rather good fun, all those delicious old boys, isn't it? Now you shall hear quite another bit, when the Ballet is in full swing.

(SATAN *puts by a lot of gramophone discs in a drawer, and locks it very carefully.*

SATAN (*to* THE MUSE). To prevent confusion, dear Clio, please make it quite clear to our friends, the Ages-to-Come, that what they have just witnessed was a *retrospect.* The first scenes took place years before the opening of the Ballet you so much enjoyed; and even the very last of the set preceded it by some days. The first one, for instance, was quite, if I may say so to Clio, *ancient* history.

(SATAN *unlocks another drawer and begins arranging a heap of discs which he takes out.*)

SATAN. I wish we had had time for a larger selection of *pre-war incidents,* as you, dear Muse, will call them when you set it all forth with the necessary "Style Noble." I should have liked to show you the gradual preparation for my Ballet, not merely in the last few years, but all through a century—indeed, all through *all* the centuries, since every war has been prepared by every other war—indeed, by every other treaty of peace; the needful feelings and prejudices accumulating through the ages in my storehouse, ready to shift about, as an earthly manager shifts the same old properties, from one side of the stage to the other. However, even these few samples will have served to illustrate a thing I told you during our preliminary talk in Hell. I mean that calamities, since Mankind feels my Ballets to be calamities, of this kind do not spring from the small and negligible item which suffering and angry men call *guilt.* My excellent Minion, Confusion—that is to say, muddle-headedness, perfunctoriness, and apathy—contrives the necessary entanglements and deadlocks during years. But once these preparations are made, Delusion bursts in, inventing plausible motives, helped by enthusiasm, fear, and hatred, reasons so called for what are in reality mere idiotic bungles left to chance. Well, my kind friends, now we have done with the *pre-war selection*; and we'll have a few scenes which you must imagine taking place behind the World's Stage when the Ballet is already raging. Indeed, the first is just about the moment when Pity and Indignation came on, with, as you will remember, such a fine effect and to such good purpose. Attention!

(SATAN *sets his double apparatus in motion. The cinema shows distant cupolas, pines, and broken columns through wide-open windows. Several elderly gentlemen at coffee and cigarettes.*)

1ST VOICE. What's this absurd story that I hear! They surely haven't

the impudence to offer you Gog and Magog, my dear Prime Minister?

2ND AND PLACID VOICE. They do indeed, my dear Excellency. Needless to say, my heart is entirely on your side, but, as you know, in the case of a great historical people the claims of the Ego are holy.

1ST VOICE. In that case, tell them to go to the Devil for a pack of liars. If you remain neutral they won't give you anything.

2ND VOICE. Will *you* if I leave off being neutral?

1ST VOICE. We! Of course we shall. Why, you shall have Gog and Magog.

2ND VOICE. I can have Gog and Magog merely by sitting tight, my dear sirs.

1ST VOICE. Well! And what else can you possibly want? Let's hear! Only don't be listening to their tomfoolery. Besides, we all know how unpopular they are with your people.

2ND VOICE (*blander than ever*). Not so unpopular as going to war.

1ST VOICE. Oh, your people only require to be told the real facts. A little propaganda will sort them. I don't believe they've been properly informed about the atrocities. . . . That child with cut-off hands, for instance . . .

2ND VOICE (*bland*). The child with cut-off hands has already been shown to us. But our people don't mind cut-off hands or gouged-out eyes. We had a lot of that of our own recently in Carthage. Besides, our most celebrated living *littérateur* always has some in each of his works.

1ST VOICE. Ha! Your immortal, though perhaps a little *décolleté*, Angelo! The very thing! A few dozen of his splendid odes in the principal papers . . .

2ND VOICE. Good for the students at the café! dear Excellency. We statesmen don't live off odes. Machiavelli already said as much.

1ST VOICE. Well, then, what are your terms, confound you?

THE BLAND VOICE (*very quickly*). Gog and Magog, and all their territory; Maraschino, of course; the complete set of border glaciers; the kingdoms of the late Crœsus and Polycrates, with the islands of the Cyclops for their classic associations; Prester John's Empire, which is mentioned in Marco Polo; the heritage of our glorious sea-kings as shown by their still existing flagstaffs, including, naturally, the seaboard of Bohemia, so much embellished by our valiant fellow-countryman, Diocletian.

1ST VOICE. Seaboard of Bohemia! Come, come! You know to whom that belongs! And as to Prester John, why, he's neutral.

THE BLAND VOICE. So are we for the moment, my dear sirs!

ANOTHER VOICE (*aside*). Oh, throw in Prester John—he had a bite at him thirty years ago and broke his teeth on him. And let him have the flagstaffs of his sea-kings.

1ST VOICE. All right! But not the seaboard of Bohemia; *that* has been promised to our poor dear Ladislaus by right of nationality.

THE BLAND VOICE. Poor dear Ladislaus is already in, or rather already *out*, since he's squashed. He needn't have anything. *Enfin*, gentlemen, is it to be or not to be?

SEVERAL VOICES (*mutter together*). I suppose we shall have to promise him something. And there's not much harm so long as he gets it for himself. After all, we haven't got any of it in our hands. All right. The kingdom of the late Crœsus and—what's the other name? And Prester John, although he *is* a neutral. And the flagstaffs . . . there—you may make out a memorandum for our joint consideration.

THE BLAND VOICE. A memorandum? (*Singing.*) *Un biglietto? Eccolo quà!* Here's your memorandum ready to hand. Suppose all you gentlemen just put your signatures to it before we finish this excellent *café noir?* The fact is, the other side are going to call for an answer at four o'clock.

3RD VOICE. Wouldn't you like us to throw in a pair of trousers, my dear Minister? Mine, as you see, are almost as good as new.

THE BLAND VOICE (*laughs*). Ah, what it is to be the most *spirituel* nation in the world!

(*The gramophone wheezes.* SATAN *changes the disc. The cinema shows a council-table. Many Councillors who remain mute.*)

1ST VOICE. They insist that we must really push on to Cæsarea.

2ND VOICE. But our Fleet can't get through.

3RD VOICE. Oh, yes, it can, if supported by our Army.

4TH VOICE. But our Army can't get there by land.

5TH VOICE. Oh, yes, it can, if it is supported by our Fleet.

1ST VOICE. Anyhow, they insist that we should do something to get them Cæsarea.

6TH VOICE. If neither the Army nor the Fleet can do it, what do you say to a joint effort of both?

(*The gramophone wheezes. The cinema shows the terrace of a château in the war zone. A group of elderly men in various uniforms, to which some seem neither suited nor accustomed.*)

1ST VOICE. As your experts have doubtless informed you, my Governments finds itself under the necessity of somewhat raising the ground-rent of such portions of our territory as are occupied by your troops.

2ND VOICE. Oh . . . Indeed . . . I had not heard anything about that. . . . In fact . . . to tell the plain truth . . . I had always taken for granted that as . . . in fact . . . if I may say so . . . our lines are helping to defend . . .

1ST VOICE. Alas! *à qui le dites-vous,* my dear friend, *à qui le dites-vous!* For this very reason, as ground-rents invariably tend to rise in war-time, *enfin* . . .

2ND VOICE. But . . . considering that . . .

1ST VOICE. Ah, my dear friend . . . how do you put that maxim of your national greatness? Business (as you say, *as* I think)—business as us-u-al!

2ND VOICE. Surely not in case of . . . in short, we imagined . . .

1ST VOICE. What a number of quite unimaginable eventualities we all have witnessed! Unimaginable, I say. *Enfin,* we have so far had only to congratulate ourselves on your great nation's . . . how do you say? . . . *procédés,* which, as I shall always be the first to proclaim in the face of everyone, have hitherto always been *d'un parfait gentlemanne.* As that famous Frenchman said—his name escapes me at this moment—if I could not belong to my own nation, I should have no objection to belonging to yours.

2ND VOICE. Very gratifying, I am sure. Still, as between allies . . .

1ST VOICE. You speak of allies. Are you aware, monsieur, of the story which is at this moment circulating—I do not pretend it is a true story, but I can truly affirm that it is circulating—in all the . . . how do you express it? . . . all the *loges* of all the *concierges* of my country?

2ND VOICE. The *concierges* . . . I don't quite follow, my dear General.

1ST VOICE. The purport of which story is that more than once—*more* than once, you understand me well, my dear friend—*more than once,* if it had not been for our loyalty to you, we might have made an advantageous . . .

2ND VOICE. Oh, my dear sir, is that all? Those Bourse rumours set going by enemy agents in the States!

1ST VOICE. Bourse rumours or not, I do not pretend to judge. I only tell you what is being said in the *loges* of the *concierges.* I have on the best authority that those vulgar persons say in their trivial language that they have had enough of getting their face . . . how do you express it? . . . smashed—*se faire casser la figure*—to defend other people's ports.

3RD VOICE (*low*). Oh, just let them gas . . . you know, it's a way they have.

1ST VOICE. And this brings me to the essential. Your Government must not delay any longer putting its signature to that little agreement which we made with the Great White Bear, by which, in return for Cæsarea, he gives us the other bank of the River Hydaspes—in fact, our natural boundaries as defined in the year 4 of the Republic—*bien entendu*, including the mines of antimony and the lake of asphalt.

2ND VOICE. *He* gives you! . . . Your boundaries of the year 4! . . . Why, my dear General, the Great White Bear is nearly a thousand miles off!

1ST VOICE. Correct, from the geographical point of view, perhaps. But geography is only the basis of politics. And now you have been told what those *concierges* are saying to each other in their familiar *phraséologie*.

(The gramophone wheezes. The cinema shows an Embassy, with a dishevelled man walking up and down, surrounded by well-groomed diplomatists.)

1ST VOICE (*very distressed*). But *I* must stop, and I'm going to stop!

SEVERAL VOICES (*encouragingly*). Tut, tut! Just hold on a little, and you shall be given Cæsarea presently.

1ST VOICE (*angry*). Hang Cæsarea! My country would not have it if you could give it, and you can't. I tell you my country can't go on another month. We've no more munitions. And the people are starving by the thousand; they're mutinying and rioting on every side. There! don't you hear them yelling for peace?

(A fearful wolf-like sound from outside: "Peace and Bread! Peace and Bread!")

A DIPLOMATIC VOICE (*encouragingly*). Fiddlesticks! All that is got up by enemy agents. Just you hold on till you get Cæsarea.

(Louder roar: "Peace and Bread!")

SATAN (*interrupting*). Bother take the thing! A wrong disc!

(He fiddles with the gramophone, which slows off.)

THE MUSE. Oh, how truly thrilling! Why, it sounds like the French Revolution! Oh, dear Satan, do, please, let them go on with that!

SATAN. Sorry to disoblige you, Clio. But it's a wrongly placed disc which doesn't belong to the set of the Heads of the Nations, with which you must, if you please, allow me to proceed at present.

THE MUSE. What a pity! It was so truly exciting!

SATAN. Only have patience! I promise you plenty more of this kind of stuff very soon in a separate performance—and a remarkably interesting one that will be, though different from the Ballet of the Nations. For the moment, we must return to the diplomatists and journalists.

(While SATAN *is adjusting the gramophone, the blood-curdling yell "Peace and Bread! Peace and Bread!" is repeated, and dies off in the gramophone's wheezing.)*

SATAN. There! Now we've got back to the Heads of the Nations series all right. I must explain, however, that there were some unofficial peace feelers which have unluckily got mislaid; also a very funny person talking of peace without victory, which made everyone angry all round until he said it was to be peace with victory and joined in, and that it would all come to the same in the end. But what is happening at present is that these people of the Great White Bear, whom you heard yelling just now, are actually making a separate peace. There!

(The cinema shows the inside of a saloon railway carriage in a station, and a snowstorm against the windows. The saloon is filled with Generals with fine fur coats over their uniforms and bearded men in sheepskin caftans and peasants' boots and fur caps.)

1ST VOICE. No annexations and no indemnities, comrades!

2ND VOICE. The very thing—no annexations and no indemnities! Shake hands!

1ST VOICE. Not so fast, please! You are occupying Aurora Borealis. How's that?

2ND VOICE. Oh, that isn't annexation. That's self-determination.

1ST VOICE. All very fine! But what do you mean by commandeering my corn?

2ND VOICE. Oh, that surely can't be called an indemnity.

1ST VOICE. Oh, it can't, can't it? Well then, my friends, when you hear that we've stirred up a revolution in your country, please to remember that this isn't a Treaty of Peace! It's the beginning of the International Socialist Republic! Hurrah!

(*A General jumps up and hits the table with his sword, crying:* "That *shall teach your people subordination!*")

1ST SPEAKER (*waving a folded newspaper*). *This* shall teach your Empire rebellion!

(*The gramophone wheezes. The cinema shows a council chamber full of statesmen.*)

1ST VOICE. Don't you think, my lords and gentlemen, that the time might be nearly approaching when it would . . it might possibly . . . be just as well to be beginning just to cast an eye on any possible . . . I do not, mark, say, *probable* . . . avenues—ahem!—leading to an eventual peace?

2ND VOICE. Avenues to peace, the most dangerous things in the world. Let alone peace itself, which is, of course, the most dangerous thing of all!

3RD VOICE. The name of peace must not be mentioned till they have restored Brobdingnag!

4TH VOICE. The name of peace must never be mentioned till they have given us back Lilliput!

5TH VOICE. The name of peace must not be mentioned till I have re-annexed the seaboard of Bohemia, the flagstaffs of the sea-kings, the kingdoms of . . .

6TH VOICE. The name of peace must never be mentioned at all!

(*The gramophone wheezes. The cinema shows a Court of Law, packed with spectators.*)

A VOICE. The name of peace must never be mentioned by any decent man or woman! Are any of you aware, I wonder, that at this present moment this country harbours in its bosom 47,000 aliens from Sodom and Gomorrah, all busily plotting peace? Does that seem too monstrous for belief? Well, their names and addresses are all registered in a printed book. This young lady, whom I have called as a witness, has actually *seen* the book!

FEMALE WITNESS. I have. It was shown me by two gentlemen friends, since deceased, at a lunch-party at Greenwich. It was bound in American cloth.

JUDICIAL VOICE. Was it, indeed? And did you see the contents of the book?

1ST VOICE. The contents, my lords, comprised the name of everyone here present who dares to ask pacifist questions.

(*The gramophone wheezes. The cinema changes back to a council chamber full of statesmen of various nationalities. As the dialogue proceeds it changes to other council chambers in other parts of the world, which flicker in and out without interruption.*)

1ST VOICE. But they appear to be talking of a possible restoration of Brobdingnag.

2ND VOICE. Ha! A peace trap!

1ST VOICE. But they even suggest reconsidering the question of Lilliput.

3RD VOICE. Oh, *another* peace trap.

CHORUS OF ANGRY VOICES. Peace traps! Peace traps!

ALL TOGETHER. Who dares to mention peace till they have restored Brobdingnag and given back Lilliput; given me the seaboard of Bohemia . . .

ANOTHER VOICE. Given me also the seaboard of Bo . . .

ONE VOICE AFTER ANOTHER. We can't talk of peace till they have been dismembered and for ever silenced. It wouldn't really be peace unless we received our strategic frontiers. It wouldn't really be peace unless we had restored our natural boundaries. It wouldn't really be peace until we had realised our racial aspirations. It wouldn't really be peace until we had reconstituted our historical Empire.

ONE VOICE (*deliberately*). It wouldn't be peace until we had the other bank of the Hydaspes. It wouldn't be peace until we had got the mines of antimony. It would not be peace until we had realised the formula of the Carolingian kings and of the patriots of the year 4. It wouldn't be peace till we had reclaimed the Asiatic appanage of our Crusaders!

(*Someone in the council room hums "Partant pour le Syrie."*)

ANOTHER VOICE (*enthusiastically*). It wouldn't be peace till we had fulfilled the aspirations of D'Annunzio. It wouldn't be peace until we had re-established the wedding of the Adriatic.

3RD VOICE. It wouldn't be peace until we had re-established the Kingdom of Mazeppa.

4TH VOICE. It wouldn't be peace until we had re-established the Empire of Ziska.

5TH VOICE. It wouldn't be peace until we had re-established the Kingdom of Ladislaus. It wouldn't be peace until we'd re-established the Kingdom of Borislaus. It wouldn't be peace until we had re-established the Kingdom of Wenzeslaus. It wouldn't be peace until we had re-established the Kingdom of Mithridates. It wouldn't be peace until we had re-established the Kingdom of Tiridates. It wouldn't be peace until we had re-established the Empire of Alexander. It wouldn't be peace until we'd re-established the Empire of Solomon. It wouldn't be peace until we had re-established the Empire of the Queen of Sheba.

1ST VOICE. It won't be peace till all my bondholders get paid up their interest.

CHORUS. Peace traps! Peace traps! Peace traps!

IMPERTURBABLE AUTHORITATIVE VOICE. We are out for lasting peace.

A HUBBUB OF VOICES. Peace? Then why did we go to war? You promised . . . we promised . . . they promised . . . We insist on your promise. . . . We have made no promises. . . . We always keep our promises.

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE (*serenely*). I repeat that we are none of us out for aggrandisement, but for the future peace of the world. We must go on fighting to establish a really lasting peace, equally just towards friends and foes.

A HUBBUB OF VOICES. You promised . . . We promised . . . They promised . . . We insist on your promises! It isn't a matter of aggrandisement! It isn't a matter of prestige! It is a question of principle! It is a question of gua-ran-tees! It is a question of permanent peace! This must never happen again! We can't have such things happening again! This *must* be the last war! We must have guarantees of future peace! We will fight to the last man until we have guarantees of future peace! (*A pause and wheeze.*) Lasting peace! Last man! Last penny! Last drop of blood! Last war! Guarantees! Guarantees! Guarantees! Guarantees of lasting peace!

(*The gramophone gabbles all this out louder and faster, while the cinema figures move and gesticulate quicker, until there is nothing but a hubbub of "We—we" . . . "They—they" . . . "You—you," with a sort of refrain of "Last man!" "Last penny!" "Last war!" "Lasting peace!"*)

THE MUSE and AGES-TO-COME (*holding their hands to their ears*). Oh! do stop that horrible row! Oh! what are they all talking about?

(SATAN *suddenly switches off the current. The screen is again blank. The gramophone wheezes and stops.*)

SATAN. Rather a Babel, wasn't it? And what you have heard is comparatively plain sailing. Why, we haven't come to Victory and its Fruits, nor to the conflicting Self-Determination of the New Nationalities; we haven't come to the Fourteen Points and the Secret Treaties; we haven't come to Famine and Revolution and Bolshevism. Excellent as is my magic apparatus, you couldn't possibly make head or tail of *that*. It will take fifty years in fifty archives to clear up the muddle. Indeed, if you were to ask me, even I couldn't tell you on the spur of the moment how in the world it all leads to the end. Well, that is the kind of stuff that you, dear Muse of History, will have to translate into clear and stately language for the benefit of our enlightened patrons here, the Ages-to-Come.

And now you have seen my *Ballet of the Nations* under all its aspects. You will, I trust, appreciate its tragic splendour only the more for having adequately realised the paltriness of the mysterious machinery which lies behind it. This contradiction between the visible effects and the hidden cause is, indeed, one of my finest bits of poetic irony. Ladies and gentlemen of my indulgent audience, you will, I doubt not, also appreciate all that Stage-Manager Satan owes to his varied and accomplished *personnel*. It needs the strident and crashing, yet not inharmonious, music of the Orchestra of Patriotism, the silver trumpet of Idealism and woodland horn of Adventure, the harmonium of Self-Righteousness, the rustling wings of Pity and Indignation, the youthful voice of Heroism, even the whistles and foghorns of poor old Widow Fear and her grotesque and cruel children Suspicion and Panic, to lend attraction and dignity to what my cinematograph films and gramophone records have revealed to you. It needs . . .

DEATH (*cutting short* SATAN'S *speech*). It needs Ballet Master Death.

(DEATH, *who has been lying dead drunk across the sleeping body of* HEROISM, *has, with a sudden clatter of his bones, lurched up into a sitting posture, clasping his knees with skeleton hands. He nods and leers with drunken fatuity at* THE MUSE *and* THE AGES-TO-COME, *and repeats in drunkard's tones: "It needs Ballet Master Death! That's what it needs, my dears!"* THE MUSE *and* THE AGES-TO-COME *fall a step back, gathering up their garments in well-bred disgust. For with his change of posture it has become apparent that* DEATH, *who has been hitherto lying unnoticed, is the worse, not only for liquor, but for all his previous exertions; the natty* BALLET MASTER *has turned into a tattered tramp; his bones have worked his evening suit into rags, his wig has fallen off, and through the rents of his once smart white waistcoat and shirt there is a glimpse of something far worse than a mere skeleton.*)

SATAN (*with a gesture of wrath*). Silence! you filthy, carnage-drunken sot!

DEATH. Oho! "Silence," quotha? Is it "silence" your Lordship condescends to say to your poor disowned bastard now that you have let him have the honour of directing for you your *Ballet of the Nations*, and he has made it into your greatest hit? Well, let me tell you, my respected illegitimate parent, that all your fine performers, your virtuous Passions—oh, yes, Pity and Indignation, Madam Idealism and dear little Prince

Adventure, and all your Orchestra of Patriotism—would not have got a single spectator to sit through your silly performance if it had not been for Ballet Master Death and his skull and rotten bones. Who cares a damn nowadays for Satan, or Hell, or Evil? Exploded myths, all of them! *I* am the great Reality, who bring with me Fear, and Suspicion and Panic, and Cruelty and Hatred, and the harmonium of Self-Righteousness, and all the popular performers. It is Ballet Master Death, let me tell your empty transcendental Archangelship, who draws an audience!

(SATAN *remains speechless with anger.*)

DEATH (*sitting up and turning round*). Hullo! you there, Heroism, my jolly blind boy! you, at all events, have never doubted the powers of your old crony Death! Come, my lad, lend me a hand and help me on to my legs that I may go and sit on the throne of that metaphysical Archangel of a father of mine, so that the world may see that it is Ballet Master Death who runs its great dramatic shows and sets its peoples a-dancing!

HEROISM (*getting up from the ground*). Whose is that hideous braggart voice that calls upon me in the name of Death? For that is not the voice, those cannot be the words, of him I have so loved. And what . . . what, for mercy's sake, is this loathsome something I have grasped?

(HEROISM, *who has stretched out his arm to clasp* DEATH, *suddenly withdraws his hand and holds it up in astonishment and disgust.*)

HEROISM. Oh, what is this corruption which my fingers have met and still clings to them?

(THE MUSE *and* THE AGES-TO-COME *have retreated to the sides of the stage,* SATAN *to the rear.* HEROISM *remains alone in the middle of the stage, near* DEATH, *who has collapsed once more, and* HEROISM *holds out at arm's length his own soiled right hand.*)

HEROISM. Where is the Death I loved and followed so faithfully—the true, pure, lovely Death? Oh, horror, horror, horror!

THE MUSE. Horror? Surely that was the name which Satan called his Ballet Master in our talk. . . . And what is all this about a "true, pure, lovely Death"? Ah! I remember! I now understand it all.

HEROISM (*turning on* BALLET MASTER DEATH, *who now cowers, prone, in his tattered evening clothes*). And who art thou, usurping Death's sacred name, thou Skeleton Pollution?

(HEROISM *seizes* BALLET MASTER DEATH *and flings him, rattling like a broken puppet, against the footlights.* HEROISM *then returns to the middle of the stage and stands, sobbing like a man awakened from a nightmare, and forcing open the lids of his blind eyes.*)

HEROISM. Oh, for some kindly surgeon to cut away at last this veil of blindness from my eyes!

SATAN (*stooping over* BALLET MASTER DEATH *and shaking his broken limbs*). Damaged, but not quite done for! A democratic wig, a complete suit of newest idealistic cut, may make him still pass muster for a while.

(BALLET MASTER DEATH *wheezes responsively like a broken bellows.*)

SATAN. But the most needed of all will be a brand-new set of manners—peaceful, fraternal, full of thought for the future! (*Shakes him once more.*) You vile, old-fashioned scarecrow, do you now understand that Heroism has almost found you out for the preposterous, indecent anachronism that you are? And if, by any chance, that Blind Boy should really be surgeoned into seeing—why, then, this will have been the last of our Ballets of the Nations!

FINIS.

The Soul of the Bantam

By Blamire Young

When we sergeants gave a smoke concert to the officers of the Bantam Battalion to which we belonged or were attached the speech of the Colonel was, to my thinking, the best turn of the entertainment. Afterwards, when we stumbled out into the dark and the mud of Salisbury Plain, with the merry old stars over our heads, his words were in my ears, and, to tell the truth, something misty and hot was in my eyes that was more than beer.

"I look to you sergeants to help me to bring this battalion into line with the rest of the Brigade and to show these little men that we appreciate all they have given up in coming here to do their 'bit' at their country's call."

"These little men." There was something in the tone of that phrase that went straight to the mark. Something that epitomised for me all that I had found and all that I had expected to find, when, for a few weeks, I took up my work among them.

The Bantam Battalions have characteristics that are not to be found anywhere else in the army. To begin with they are fully conscious of their divergence from type. Conscious of it and proud of it. They lack inches in stature, but none in proper pride. And these inches that I speak of are not always lacking. When a Bantam has finished his second pint he is anything from five feet ten to six feet. There is nothing then in love or war that is outside his powers.

On parade he is the same height as his neighbour. Just five feet four. When he marches and is far enough away for the observer to lose the exact scale of things, he is of normal height, and the spectacle of a brigade of Bantams at this distance marching into camp is a moving one. The absolute equality of height, the rhythm that this brings, and the thrust of their pride in a uniformity that no other regiment possesses in quite the same degree, creates in the

mind an orgasm of emotion—raises the lump in the throat that always comes of concerted action, when that action is inspired with the true sense of comradeship organised, conscious and complete.

That is the Bantam in the Mass. And he is best in the Mass. Individually he is unfinished. When drawn up on parade it is a physical impossibility for him to stand perfectly still. All kinds of nervous gestures continually destroy the unbroken unity of the line. In training him the standards of the rest of the army require readjustment. He is heir to strange and unexpected deficiencies, to queer shortcomings. Irregular relations exist between eye and hand, between brain and finger. With him two and two do not always make four. Sometimes it makes nothing at all, and sometimes quite a lot. These are the Battalions of the Incomplete.

The Battalions of the Incomplete are drawn from large industrial centres in the North. These little men are the logical residual of Victorian industrial laws—the inglorious remainder that stands at the foot of the long division sum that Lancashire worked out in the 'sixties when she scheduled her enormous dividend of submerged humanity and declared her quotient of millionaires and merchant princes to her exceeding great content.

Arithmetic of this kind, that deals with the bodies and the souls of men, never works out exactly, as the sums in the school books do. You can't expect that they would. Naturally there is always a remainder. The remainder in this case is the multitude of "little men" who take up their burden of citizenship along with the rest of us. In these Lancashire may recognise the price of her glory or the label of her shame, according to the way in which she looks at it.

Some of our Young War Poets

By Margaret Wynne Nevinson, L.L.A.

Now that Peace has come, we may count amongst the wreckage and destruction the salvage of a new literature. The war has at least brought us an outburst of song comparable only with that of the Elizabethan age amid the tumult and triumphs of the stormy but glorious reign of "Good Queen Bess."

> "Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
> Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder"—

writes Heine, and the same idea is expressed by our modern men:

> "On Achi Baba's rock their bones
> Whiten, and on Flanders' plain,
> But of their travailings and groans
> Poetry is born again."

And again:

> "Yet not so shalt thou, O Poesy, be forgotten,
> Of thy once great beauty shorn;
> For lo! in the stricken field wast thou begotten,
> Of the spear-points wast thou born."

It is little wonder that the long-drawn tragedy of the war, the agony and bloody sweat of millions of young men, have driven many to find the relief of expression in the written word for the varied emotions and experiences of the battle-field.

Hitherto most of our war poetry and painting has been produced from the inner consciousness in the seclusion and calm of the library and studio; the long Pax Britannica which gave us Kipling and Newbolt and many others demanded no war service from poets and artists.

But the young men of to-day who answered the call of their country have themselves been through the hell of modern warfare.

Some of them sing in the glad temper of the Happy Warrior who has thrown up everything—ambition, career,

life, and limb—in the joy of sacrifice to fight for liberty and justice; they saw the vision of a crusade for righteousness when, in the fateful days of August, 1914, the world watched aghast the spectacle of a great nation running amok, throwing honour to the winds, invading neutral territory and slaughtering helpless peasants on their own land.

We find this spirit in the fine lines of Rupert Brooke (died in the Ægean Sea) in his sonnet, "Gifts of the Dead":

"Blow, bugles, blow! they brought us, for our dearth
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love and Pain.
Honour has come back as a king to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage:
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage."

In the verses of Captain the Hon. Julian Grenfell, D.S.O. (killed in action), "Into Battle":

"The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth."

In the poem of Lieut. Geoffrey Howard, "Without Shedding of Blood":

"We have given all things that were ours,
So that our weeds might yet be flowers;
We have covered half the earth with gore
That our houses might be homes once more;
The sword Thou hast demanded, Lord;
And, now, behold the sword!"

In "War's Cataract," by Lieut. Herbert Asquith:

"This is the field where Death and Honour meet,
And all the lesser company are low:
Pale Loveliness has left her mirror now
And walks the Court of Pain with silent feet."

In "Release," by Lieut. W. N. Hodgson, M.C. (killed in action):

"Death whining down from heaven,
Death roaring from the ground,
Death stinking in the nostril,
Death shrill in every sound,
Doubting we charged and conquered—
Hopeless we struck and stood;
Now that the fight is ended
We know that it was good."

Space necessarily limits quotation, but the same spirit is found in many fine poems by men (alas! most of them taken from us)—Captain C. H. Sorley (killed in action), Captain R. M. Dennys (died of wounds), Sergeant T. W. Streets (killed in action), Lieut. E. F. Wilkinson, M.C. (killed in action), Lieut. C. W. Winterbotham (killed in action), and many others.

Some few men write in the jovial barbaric spirit of the sportsman and sing the glories of war as a great game; there is little love poetry (or perhaps it has not been published), but there is much written hymning the joy and love of nature, the passionate home-sickness for the motherland, and the saneness and delight of simple things keeping men from madness.

One may quote as examples: "Home Thoughts in Laventie," by Lieut. the Hon. E. Wyndham Tennant (killed in action):

> "I saw green banks of daffodil,
> Slim poplars in the breeze,
> Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
> A-courting on the leas;
> And meadows with their glittering streams, and silver scurrying dace,
> Home—what a perfect place!"

"Strange Service," by Private Ivor Guerney:

> "Little did I dream, England, that you bore me
> Under the Cotswold Hills beside the water-meadows
> To do you dreadful service here, beyond your borders
> And your unfolding seas."

And the two beautiful poems of Lieut. Robert Nichols, "At the Wars" and "Farewell":

> "O bronzen pines, evening of gold and blue,
> Steep mellow slope dimmed twilit pools below,
> Hushed trees, still vale dissolving in the dew,—
> Farewell. Farewell. There is no more to do.
> We have been happy. Happy now I go."

"Reverie" and "Before Action," of W. N. Hodgson; "The Beach Road by the Wood" and "England," by Geoffrey Howard.

The pride of officers in their men, the surpassing valour and devotion of the vast host of unknown common soldiers, the comradeship and affection of those fighting together in a common cause, a love passing the love of women, are

beautifully expressed in the verses by Robert Nichols, "Fulfilment":

"Was there love once? I have forgotten her.
Was there grief once? Grief yet is mine.
O loved, living, dying, heroic soldier,
All, all, my joy, my grief, my love, are thine!"

And in the lines of Lieut. T. A. Mackintosh to the fathers of his men killed in action:

"You were only their fathers,
I was their officer——"

There rings through many poems the note of bitter regret for dead friends, for the wasted youth and wasted genius of those gone hence, the angry revolt against the cruel sufferings of simple men, the eternal *lachrymæ rerum*. This is the theme of that poignant and wonderful poem of Robert Nichols, "Battery Moving up to a New Position from a Rest Camp, Dawn." I quote the latter half, entreating the prayers of the faithful at their early Mass:

"O people who bow down to see
The Miracle of Calvary,
The bitter and the glorious,
Bow down, bow down and pray for us.

"Once more our anguished way we take
Towards our Golgotha, to make
For all our lovers sacrifice.
Again the troubled bell tolls thrice.

"And, slowly, slowly lifted up
Dazzles the overflowing cup.

O worshipping, fond multitude,
Remember us, too, and our blood.

"Turn hearts to us as we go by,
Salute those about to die,
Plead for them, the deep bell toll,
Their sacrifice must soon be whole.

"Entreat you for such hearts as break
With the premonitory ache
Of bodies, whose feet, hands, and side
Must soon be torn, pierced, crucified.

"Sue for them and all of us
Who the world over suffer thus,
Who have scarce time for prayer indeed,
Who only march and die and bleed.

* * *

"The town is left, the road leads on,
Blue glaring in the sun,
Towards where in the sunrise gate
Death, honour, and fierce battle wait."

"Plaint of Friendship by Death Broken," also by Robert Nichols; "The Cross of Wood," by Lieut. C. W. Winterbotham (killed in action); "Outposts," by Lieut. A. L. Jenkins; and the beautiful poem of Max Plowman, "A New Call to Arms," are on the same theme.

The fear of being afraid haunts many, that nightmare of those gifted with imagination; that "fears were liars" is proved by the long list of honours gained by these Sunday children, and the last and greatest honour of the wooden cross given to only too many. In illustration we can turn to "Big Words," by Captain Robert Graves; "Courage," by Captain J. E. Stewart, M.C.; and "Soliloquy," by Richard Aldington:

"No, I'm not afraid of death—
Not very much afraid, that is—
Either for others or myself:
Can watch them coming from the line
On the wheeled silent stretchers
And not shrink,
But munch my sandwich stoically
And make a joke, when 'it' has passed.
But—the way they wobble!
God! that makes one sick.
Dead men should be so still, austere,
And beautiful,
Not wobbling carrion roped upon a cart. . . .

Well, thank God for rum.

We are told sometimes that the younger generation has little or no feeling for religion, but at least a strong respect for the Sixth Commandment has been instilled into the hearts of many of our citizen army. Those of us who have nursed soldiers in delirium or under anæsthetics know well the agonised remorse for deeds they had to do, which seems to haunt their inmost soul, in spite of the absolution of the Churches.

Wilfred Gibson gives expression to his horror which lives at the back of the mind of many a silent, simple man in "The Bayonet":

"This bloody steel
Has killed a man.
I heard him squeal
As on I ran.

"He watched me come
With wagging head.
I pressed it home
And he was dead.

"Though clean and clear
I've wiped the steel,
I still can hear
That dying squeal."

And again in "Back":

"They asked me where I've been,
And what I've done and seen.
But what can I reply
Who know it wasn't I,
But someone just like me,
Who went across the sea
And with my head and hands
Killed men in foreign lands. . . .
Though I must bear the blame
Because he bore my name."

Our soldiers write no hymns of hate and seem to leave anger and bitterness to the civilian and the Press. The large-hearted understanding of the British soldier is shown in "To Germany," by Captain E. Sorley; "Before Battle," by Lieut. C. N. Brand; "The Grave," by Private Wilfrid J. Halliday; and "The Soldier's Prayer," by Sergeant Patrick MacGill. I quote the first two:

TO GERMANY.

"You are blind like us. Your hurt no man designed,
And no man claimed the conquest of your land.
But gropers both through fields of thought confined,
We stumbled and we do not understand.
You only saw your future bigly planned,
And we, the tapering paths of our own mind,
And in each other's dearest way we stand,
And hiss and hate. And the blind fight the blind.

When it is peace, then we may view again
With new-won eyes each other's truer form,
And wonder. Grown more loving, kind, and warm,
We'll grasp firm hands and laugh at the old pain,
When it is peace. But, until peace, the storm,
The darkness, and the thunder and the rain."

BEFORE BATTLE.

"Shall God, who planned the seasons, let me die?
Then if it must be so
Let me go willingly,
Feeling no hatred for my foe;
Only content to know
That there awaits me, somewhere far away,
A happy band of friends
Who died before me, who will say
Sweet words of welcome when my anguish ends."

We have shown that some men go into battle with sacrificial consecration like the knights of old, others with

joy and gladness as to a high adventure or great game, others in their own parlance "stick it" as grim duty; many have passed with apparent indifference through horrors which have robbed their comrades of nerve and reason; it is all a question of temperament, and all these hosts of silent warriors have had their special singer.

There is also another school of poets not soldiers by predilection—thinkers, scholars, writers *par excellence*, many of them, who have left the university or even their sixth form bench at their country's need. They belong to a very modern and critical generation little troubled by reverence to their elders or veneration for institutions, including even the British Army. In the words of a despairing schoolmaster, "they fear not God, neither do they regard man."

They preserve under their khaki the critical faculties of their class and training and do not hesitate to show up the weak places of our military system, the selfishness of the civilian, and the hypocrisy of the nation. There is great bitterness to old men (in some poems even to women) and to the war profiteer. They write with unsparing truth and realism regardless of the squeamish "We are poets and shall tell the truth." Like their brother artists of the brush they have been through hell; they do not idealise slaughter, but sing of war as they see it in all its stupidity and insanity, its terror and desolation, its squalor and foulness, its weariness and boredom. They spare us no details, we must see and hear and feel them all: the nerve-racking roar of the great guns, the crack of the sniper's rifle, the sleepless nights, the hunger and thirst, the dreary food, the hideous wounds, the gasping breath, the unburied dead, the stench and nausea, the blood, the filth, the heat, the cold, the rain and mud and sand, the flies, the mosquitoes, the lice and rats, the long waiting of our silent sailors on the high (and explosive) seas.

Before the rulers of the nations make war again let them consider our war-pictures and study the writings of Captain Siegfried Sassoon, M.C., Richard Aldington, Captain Sitwell, Major H. V. S. Carey, Major W. Gibbs, Major H. F. Constantine, "Miles," Lieut. L. R. Abel Smith, Lieut. Alex. Waugh, W. W. Gibson, and others.

These poems are not pleasant reading for many of us,

but we are bound to listen, for these men write from the pit, and they went to their Calvary for us men and our salvation.

Captain S. Sassoon may be called the Juvenal of the war. He has already been in collision with the military authorities, as will be remembered, and he spares no one in his hatred and disgust of war. I can only quote a few:

THEY.

"The Bishop tells us: When the boys come back
They will not be the same; for they have fought
In a just cause; they lead the last attack
On Anti-Christ; their comrades' blood has bought
New right to breed an honourable race.
They have challenged Death and dared him face to face.

"'We're none of us the same!' the boys reply,
'For George lost both his legs; and Bill's stone blind;
Poor Jem's shot through the lungs and like to die;
And Bert's gone syphilitic; you'll not find
A chap who's served that hasn't found some change.'

"And the Bishop said: 'The ways of God are strange.'"

THE GENERAL.

"'Good-morning, good-morning!' the General said,
When we met him last week on our way to the line:
Now the soldiers he smiled at are most of them dead,
And we're cursing his staff for incompetent swine.
'He's a cheery old card,' grunted Harry to Jack,
As they slogged up to Arras with rifle and pack.

. . . . . .

But he did for them both by his plan of attack."

DOES IT MATTER?

"Does it matter—losing your legs?
For people will always be kind;
And you need not show that you mind
When the others come in after hunting
To gobble their muffins and eggs.

"Does it matter—losing your sight?
There's such splendid work for the blind;
And people will always be kind,
As you sit on the terrace remembering
And turning your face to the light.

"Do they matter—those dreams from the pit?
You can eat and forget and be glad,
And people won't say that you're mad;
For they know that you fought for your country,
And no one will worry a bit."

Captain Osbert Sitwell is also a keen satirist, especially

merciless to the old in his poem "Armchair," "In Bad Taste," and "The Eternal Club." The last I quote:

"Warming their withered hands the dotards say:
'In our youth men were happy till they died.
What is it ails the young men of to-day—
To make them bitter and dissatisfied?'

"Two thousand years ago it was the same.
'Poor Joseph! How he'll feel about his son!
I knew him as a child—his head aflame
With gold. He seemed so full of life and fun.
And even as a young man he was fine,
Converting tasteless water into wine.
Then something altered him. He tried to chase
The money-changers from the Temple door.
White ringlets swung, and tears shone in their poor
Aged eyes. He grew so bitter, and found men
For friends as discontented—lost all count
Of caste—denied his father, faith, and then
He preached that dreadful Sermon on the Mount!
And even then he would not let things be;
And when they nailed him high up on the tree
And gave him vinegar and pierced his side,
He asked God to forgive them—still dissatisfied.'"

"Miles" fiercely attacks the war profiteer in "The Modern Abraham," and is no lover of Prussian methods, which are grinding down the freedom of Britons. I quote a poem against conscription:

SHEEP SONG.

"From within our pens
Stout built
We watch the sorrows of the World.
Imperturbably
We see the blood
Drip and ooze on to the walls.
Without a sigh
We watch our lambs
Stuffed and fattened for the slaughter. . . .

"In our liquid eyes lie hidden
All the mystery of empty spaces
And the secret of the vacuum.

. . . . . .

"Yet we can be moved.
When the head-sheep bleats,
We bleat with him.
When he stampedes.
We gallop after him
Until
In our frenzy
We trip him up,
And a new sheep leads us.

. . . . . .

"Then the black Lamb asked,
Saying, 'Why did we start this glorious Gadarene descent?'
And the herd bleated angrily:
'We went in with clean feet,
And we will come out with empty heads,
Therefore
It is a noble thing to do.
We are stampeding to end stampedes.
We are fighting for lambs
Who are never likely to be born.
When once a sheep gets its blood up,
The goats will remember. . . .'

"But the herdsman swooped down,
Shouting
'Get back to your pens there.'"

I regret that space forbids me to quote the fine poems of the men mentioned above, and the terrible verses of Richard Aldington, "The Blood of the Young Men."

Some critics question whether this war-poetry will last. It is possible that we, who have lived through this cataclysm, may be incapable of judging clearly and may have our critical faculties dulled by the admiration and passionate pity we feel for the sufferings of these sensitive artist souls in the world of tragedy to which their mothers bore them, but whilst the youngest amongst us remembers the Great War all that they wrote will be read with deep interest by the few who read poetry, and much will live on as long as the English language lasts.

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Barges

By Dorothy M. Roberts

BECAUSE in the autumn night's brooding the strange barges have come so quietly, and have lain in the warehouses' shadow on the long waters as other barges lie, we go carelessly on the dark bridges above them, and unheeding about the cobbled ways.

But we wonder at the length of our dreaming that lingers far into the daylight—at the beauty of blue shadows that crouch in the doorways, and the silver light over the town. And the singing of the wind is so intimate and wistful that almost we believe the music is not the wind's, but our own heart's singing.

Low down in the shadowed barges the two strange women sleep wearily. The sails that brought them on their dark journey, shaking out purple and silver like the sunset in Michaelmas skies, are unfurled and hidden.

The faery-wrought harps are silent that rang to their fingers all night as the mist grew deeper, and the slow stars loitered above them.

And although our dreams and the wind's low singing grow fainter as the day grows into the noon with its stumbling of wagons and its trample of workers' feet, yet because of the shadowy barges and the strange women sleeping there, the day's end will come with singing again, and the clear light, and the heart's dreaming.

And when in the wild slow sunset the warehouses loom, crimson shuttered, among the dark bridges, dusk will come drowsily with a grey mist, leading the nightfall. When all the houses are silent, and the cobbled ways shrouded and still, the harps will shine, silver blue, in the barges, and the sails be unfurled and lifted.

With a wind blowing out of the shadows they will steal away up the long waters as quietly as their spells have stolen over the sleeping town.

The End

By Christine Harte

SUNLIGHT filled the room. With a slow, steady brightening the light came up. On it came, wave upon wave, flooding the small square room, shimmering and breaking across the faded carpet. Hour after hour on the sofa the girl sat on, rigidly insensible to all sensation, weary, hopeless. The future loomed before her stripped bare of everything save endurance. She saw herself dragging through life as if clad in heavy folds from her shoulders, making them ache intolerably. It seemed a cloak of incredible weight, trailing along the ground for ever and ever, weighted with the whole of the world's failure and despair, clammy with the wet slime of loneliness, chill with an ice-cold horror ever rising and rising, killing all warmth, freezing the very heart.

The girl leapt up with a sharp cry as the acute pain, shooting through her tangled nerves, set something in her free. With half-blinded eyes she gradually became aware of the light. Her hands fell open, and, timidly holding them out, she felt the sun's warmth against her upturned palms. She stood quivering there, desperately hesitating, a dim pale hope stirring in her heart. Forming swiftly, it leapt of a sudden into life. She breathed quickly, darting rapid glances about the room, which was bare of flowers and wore a cold, neglected look. Seizing in one hand a well-worn purse from the little writing-table, and in the other an empty jug, she darted out of her room and down the darkness of the cool narrow passage out into the street. O, the glory of it! The great splendid world, full of light and all edged with gold. There, opposite, the Museum, immense, stony, austere. Overhead, an infinite depth of blue. Climbing the sky, an endless cavalcade of careering great clouds . . . *caparaçonnés.*

Such a vibrating stillness—then out of it the whirring thrill of wings as a flight of burnished pigeons settled on the strip of green behind the Museum railings. "The joy

of them!" she half whispered, running down the street, swinging the empty milk jug and laughing, laughing.

And all the time, between her short tense message over the chemist's telephone, between the little flower shop and the dairy and the grocer ("Quarter of streaky, please!")—all the time the same swift thought sandwiched itself in: "Surely he will come; surely he will come!"

She flew round the streets as a bird flies, collecting here a bit, there a bit, for the perfecting of the nest. And then home to her two rooms, where she flung the windows wide and made gay the brightly painted mantelpiece with a haze of mixed sweet peas and starry "love in a mist." Such a polishing and a tidying! The tea-tray was set out for two, the shining blue tea-caddy filled with China tea—a whole half-pound. And then, standing tip-toe on the fender, peering into the one cracked mirror in its old Italian frame, she fastened across her forehead a green ribbon, of the same beautiful shade that the publisher opposite had painted his front door, just that delicate tint like carved Chinese jade. Having fastened the narrow ribbon across her forehead and threaded it through her black smooth hair, she took up a book and, settling into the corner of the sofa, sat down to wait.

* * * * * * *

For a long time she read steadily, then, when ten o'clock struck from the church near by, she got up to make a last round of inspection. Coming back to the sofa, she found she had lost all interest in the writings of Jean Jacques Rousseau, so she wandered over to the window and, leaning far out, she swept the street with eager, anxious eyes. The half-hour struck—"He can't be long now!"

She went back to the sofa and, turning back a couple of pages, began to re-read. But at every sound of nearing footsteps she would stop and listen; not many people came down her side of the street, and of those that came, some walked too loud, some too slow, and others came clattering carelessly along, so free, so sure of themselves, so intent on their own business, so . . . so terribly *apart*, that she began to doubt the reality of her own existence.

She sprang up, every nerve on edge, and started walking the room, up and down, backwards and forwards, crossways, every way, and then stopped dead: "Surely . . .

surely . . . *yes*!" Someone was outside, at her very door. A fierce sick excitement came over her, paralysing mind and will, clutching her swaying body. And through the swimming silence she heard the faint irregular tinkle of the bell next door. As if released from a vice, she fell face downward on the sofa, and, twisting her body from side to side, she began talking out aloud; moaning, more than talking: "If he came now it would be no good—no good now—no good—no good!"

Slowly and stiffly she moved her head as all the old weariness came creeping back, stretching, pulling, tearing her to breaking point. Then, suddenly, a great tiredness enveloping her, she let go. It was so good to sleep—just to sleep.

* * * * * * *

She came to with a start. How cold it was, and dark! She ached all over. Bending down over her watch she found it was long past midnight.

"He would have been home ages ago. He must have had the message a long time now—and he wouldn't come."

"He wouldn't come!"

A hot wave of anger and hate surged up in her, but with all her force she beat it down, steeling herself to the dawning desolation, murmuring: "I'll wait, I'll wait till the very end."

* * * * * * *

His letter had come: it lay open in her hand. She stood gazing at it, a small suffocating lump rising in her throat; it hardened as it rose, it seemed somehow to have got behind her eyes, then into her brain; it was crashing through and through her whole head. Very quietly she placed the letter on her dressing-table, putting on top of it a heavy malachite box he had given her. And then she went and lay on her bed, quite still, for a long, long time. Slowly, slowly, "trailing clouds of glory," memory opened out before her.

She saw the wild Cornish coast. In the infinite distance she heard the gulls crying, crying, far up above the high places of the land. She felt again the relentless, inexorable force of eternal things, as when her lover had taken her into his arms, and from the depths of each other's eyes they had understood the whole of the scorching pain, the torture,

the despair of two souls made one, alone—in eternity. Above, distant, terrible, the torn crimson sky flew tattered across the horizon, while below it seemed that the black, thundering sea, hurling and battering itself against the land, shrieking along the rocks, must needs shatter the very core of the reeling universe.

She started up from her bed shaking from head to foot, and stumbling forward she lay tearing the coarse floor matting with fierce bleeding fingers. Twisting herself up off the ground she groped out into space, clutching the past with frenzied hands while life lay broken before her, rent from end to end.

The German Insanit

By Cecil Graeme

THERE would seem a fate attaching to the round head, which once more in history has gone down. Its typical example is, of course, the German, its typical contrast the Briton, and when we survey quietly the two ideas for which the great war was fought it is difficult to refrain from seeing in the issue, as it were, a law of life, a judgment predisposed in favour of the oblong cranium. The shape of the world is a spheroid, like an orange. Very few fruits are round, with the exception of the apple, which again has notoriously been the fighting issue of sex. The potato, the acorn, the cocoa-nut, the bean seed; mobility. Thus the bullet, the shell, the ship, the fish; these are oblongs, nose-shaped. The German head resembles a pea, a pellet, a pumpkin, a Soccer football. Mobility is against the type, beauty, imagination, and so through history the Germans have risen to fall ignominiously, as if in natural accordance with their position in the centre of Europe, inviting compressibility. Similarly, the so-called Roundheads with us. And it is the same with the round head of the Chinaman. The spheroid type survives. What is round succumbs. The apple is the tree of discord.

Contrast the round head and square massiveness of Hindenburg with so typical a British figure as Field-Marshal Wilson; the former is all German, the latter entirely and significantly British. Hindenburg, nerveless, heavy, incongruously compact, as if hewn out of wood, the pure German man: Wilson, spare, angular, with the small oblong head of a horse, cold, calculating, essentially aquiline, like the Greek, the Roman, the Arab, the Semite, whereas the German is essentially central, like Bismarck or Ludendorff, like Luther.

See these two men or any of their type enter a room (the writer has watched them both). The manner of their entry is characteristic, is the complete antithesis. The German struts, forces, so to speak, an entry; Wilson just

appears. You do not notice the movements. He bulks subconsciously, whereas Hindenburg—and Bismarck was exactly like him physically—disputes his ether. Then the voice. The German is loud, full-throated, deep, all from the diaphragm; at once you sense the music of his race, a compelling virility, a dense brutality. The Briton manages his voice; its inflections are artificial. Assuredly no musician. His voice is his defence, and the wise man instantly notes it, infers the calculating mind behind it, the resourcefulness, the flexibility of temperament, power which is not apparent. The one is a bull, the other the race-horse. The German wears his strength, the Briton disguises it. Where the one blares, the other flutes. All is reflected in the German type, visibly, demonstrably, consciously; little can be read in the other. The mask is impenetrable. The German seems to say with every gesture, "There is my post. I put it there. Touch it if you dare." The Briton says nothing. Only by observing his sinewy, lissom movements do you infer that he might be a very tough customer to remove from any post he took a fancy to. Yet when he smiles you are again baffled.

Hear the German laugh, you know immediately all that there is to know. Great peals rise from the stomach. He shakes like Jove. His guffaw resounds, astonishes. This is the laughter of early man, of the forests, of the hunters. Guns seem natural to such noise. Here is simplicity, density of mind, such is the man. Cyclops, a creature not of taste, but of appetite. No product of culture, but of circumstance, without refinement, lacking subtlety, unimaginative, crude, blatant, the male egocentric: Nietzsche's "blond beast" in being.

And the eye. This again is arresting. It is big, round, protruding, very clear. In Lembach's portraits the eye is practically the whole feature. Bismarck's eyes were extraordinary in their radiancy. The eyelid does not show. The German eye clearly announces the healthy, sensual animal, representing immense power of concentration, steadfastness, clearness of purpose, but in the Prussian this fine feature of the German head assumes a hard unchangeability which defines the man. There is nothing soft, or mysterious, or poetic in the German eye. It is the exact reflex of the man. You can read in it great strength, brutality, courage,

immense vitality, never compassion. Its glint conceals nothing, for there is nothing to conceal behind it: the character is seen, splendid but brutal, fierce yet cowable; it is a thing of challenge.

A curious stiffness of thigh proclaims the German gait, as if the back were too strong, the loins too compact. There is no swing, and anyone who has watched a German playing golf must have noticed this quite peculiar stiffness of movement and address. It corresponds with the thick, short neck, very fleshy at the nape; with the sympathetic rotundity of stomach; with the four-square effect of this broad-shouldered, straight-backed, wooden-cut figure, seen at its best in the gymnasium, at its worst in the attire of a civilian. The German with his round head cannot wear a top-hat. He has no waist. His girth is enormous, his ends are fore-shortened. In Piccadilly he looks elephantine, on the trapeze he is splendid. It is as if a uniform were the only clothing he could wear. In his enormity of stature and appetite he remains a Goth, a Vandal, a Hun. He is the round ball of Europe, apparently destined to be downed. Almost naturally he antagonises. He provokes. He represents not civilisation, but *a* civilisation. Historically, he is the Sisyphus of Empire.

Similarly with his expression. His tongue has no vowels. His vocative resembles a grunt. Alliteration, assonance prove in his language meaningless. Only a Jew has ever written a great German lyric, with the exception, of course, of the giant Goethe. And so style is denied him. But style is the man: the German cannot attain to it. It is as if Nature had said, "No, the German shall not have the armoury of expression." He only realises himself in music. There, in that least developed of the arts, the German finds his natural genius, and all the emotion and soul that is his he has written imperishably in sound. In the other arts he remains as yet uncrowned. His æsthetic sense has found but expression in stone, in the Gothic cathedrals.

Such is the German arrayed magnificently for physical action, for industry, for thought, for science, for the battle of life, but lacking in style, and for that reason lacking in the arts of life, in vision.

When we apply these characteristics to the events of the

last five years, we can understand naturally why the Germans failed. They failed because through brutality and stupidity they had lost the sense of perspective.

Now, after the battle of the Marne in 1914, when it was clear that the war would be a long and catastrophic struggle, still more when through the realisation of trench or positional warfare the Germans knew that no strategic results were obtainable, one thing was absolutely certain: it was that the Germans could only *hope* to win *provided* America kept out. War being a matter of balance and the potential number of combatants being determinable, the struggle from the winter of 1914 became a question of balance or reserves, the nerve or staying-power being pretty well equal on either side.

Any Jew or Gentile, for that matter, otherwise than a German would have thought thus: "Our one chance is American neutrality, therefore every conceivable effort must be made to gain American sympathy." What did the mind of the German General Staff do? It sank the *Lusitania*. It shot a noble woman. It shot a brave merchant captain for doing his duty. It then set about planning rough-house in America. In short, it forged its iron counter-balance inevitably and as if deliberately.

History may not improbably estimate the German fight as the greatest national effort on record, considering the overwhelming odds against it; but history will assuredly stigmatise the sinking of the *Lusitania* as the greatest politico-military blunder ever committed by a responsible nation. At once Germany put her foot through the glass house of hope. She wrote her own epitaph. She ruled herself out of the pale of possibilities. How did this aberration come about?

The answer is that it was not an aberration; it was the normal expression of a mind which has no style, that is, no perspective; no balance, no sensibility, no pulse. War is war, the German reasoned—"destroy." But in striking at honour the Germans struck down themselves. For honour was their fighting chance against all Europe, just that spark of nobility which reaches to the stars and is man's glory. They murdered it. The Kaiser, for all his ancestry, knew it not. The General Staff did not understand it. In the domain of Statecraft not a Minister thought about it.

Apart from all question of natural or intelligent brutality, the German mind, focussed on the "Great Day" for forty years, showed itself bankrupt. The armies fought without statesmanship. The machine was let loose without a governor. The round head which had so often played at *Kriegs-spiel* forgot the essential in the real thing. Fatalistically, the Germans asked for their suppression. Characteristically they proved to the world the necessity for their overthrow, in the traditional way of the bull in the china shop.

All this was almost inevitable under the German outlook. For that was of the essence of their specific Kultur. "To be or not to be." Hamlet without a ghost. The round head not only defied civilisation, he amputated his own attachment to it. His direction refused not only mind but spirit, not only intelligence but ordinary common sense. Like a fool, he believed in death, and so cut his own throat. And this was the nation of the historians and the philosophers, the erudites and the controversialists, the scholars, and of the scientific school of war! "See," said Goethe, in one of the finest lyrics in literature, "the good is always there." "No," said the German of 1914, "there is no good anywhere." And they thought so. They went to war on that negation. When they sank the *Lusitania* they struck a medal.

Yet once more providence intervened, as if still kindly disposed, willing to give them one last opportunity—at Brest-Litovsk. There unquestionably the Germans could have ended the war. Their economic plight was grave; victories had produced no results; the need of peace was obvious. Again they behaved with incredible stupidity. The determining balance of America was still controllable; the Germans had the chance to redeem themselves before the world; and, had they done so, almost of a certainty the war would have ended in 1917. What did they do? They imposed a Napoleonic peace when they could easily have arranged an alliance with Russia good enough, at any rate, to *feed* them—food being their primary difficulty—and in all probability to supply them with fighting units. And more: they could have placated America. If at Brest-Litovsk the Germans had made a world peace—just, clean, constructive—mankind, looking out for some ray of reason,

intelligence, and humanity, must have responded; almost inevitably America would have reacted. The Germans could have shown the world that they had learnt their lesson, that they desired a new order, and America would assuredly have listened. But even in their own purely military interests their blindness was extraordinary. It was their last chance. They needed food—they could have got it; men—they could have got them; above all, they needed peace on the East so as to concentrate on the West—they could have got this position automatically, as any waiter could have told the Kaiser. Diplomatically, Brest-Litovsk was the exact military position they had fought for, *i.e.*, the elimination of their huge Eastern war front. They had won, on points. Only decency was necessary to secure peace: a true statesmanship, a fine gesture. But Germany had no panache, no line of approach. They again sank the *Lusitania*, even after two and a half years of bitter experience and disillusion, and with America arming against them. Political folly never can exceed this culminating blunder of German Statecraft. They showed conclusively their unfitness to be, to survive. Insanity was proven. At Brest-Litovsk, the Germans, having won the battles, irretrievably and deservedly lost the war. For compromise had become impossible. The compelling balance automatically came into operation. Only extremism was left. Bismarck's final legacy to his country was peace at all costs with Russia—the Germans ignored both him and Clausewitz. Literally, they had no policy except force. Mind had abdicated. They showed themselves incapable of understanding human nature. They had become pure fatalists. They signed away all on a gamble on American inertia.

And so when the end came, the "empty drum," as in the famous story of Tolstoi, again proved the myth history in regular intervals has shown it to be. The Germans collapsed automatically, helplessly, absolutely at the first revelation, which left them without heart or stomach: not even heroics remained to them. No gesture was attainable. No man sprung into the breach, like Gambetta, or Hofer of the Tyrol, or Kosciusko of Hungary. The last of the Hohenzollerns fled; the Navy meekly sailed into Scapa Flow. In a night the greatest fighting machine of modern times

crashed like a house of cards, and the fall, national, racial, dynastic, imperial, was complete. So, as they had waged war without soul or mind, they went down like a dumb animal. It was the end—of a nation, of an empire, of a system, of an insanity.

Are we to see in this cataclysm a law, one of Nature's rules? Almost it would seem so. The convulsion has left an immeasurable chaos of race and aspiration, and an abysmal uncertainty. The German failed not really because he attempted too much—he achieved his objective at one time—but because in his rejection of man or humanity he had no mind or vision. Everything was prepared save that, the indispensable force behind all activity, for he had come to discount humanity. Future historians will marvel at this German blindness; in time the Germans will wonder at it too. Everything ready except mind, and this obliquity in a nation whose proud boast it has been to promote and honour—culture, intelligence, education, science. "War," wrote Clausewitz, is the "continuation of diplomacy." Every German soldier was nurtured on this axiom, yet precisely there all Germany failed. They started without diplomacy. They fought without diplomacy. They fell without diplomacy. With half a diplomatist on the direction they could have won a peace at least avoiding an extreme conclusion, but the truth is the German did not even display cunning. He had *no alternative to force*, because he had come to *believe in nothing but force*. Thank God! we can truly say, and let us trust the Germans will learn to thank God also.

Will there be a recovery? There will almost of a certainty. Will the lesson prove a correction? This will depend upon the vision of the oblong head. So great a mass of German virility, industry, and application cannot die; it will revive; it may, if the inducement be sufficient, turn into pacific channels. The moral of this stupendous fight, with the bathos of its end, is historically already clear. It is that a nation that lives on an obsession destroys itself. It is that mono-ideaism leads to insanity, and that the greatest of all insanities is hate. Let us not forget this poor German "hymn of hate," even that effusion written by a lyrical-minded Jew. How thin, how futile, how unutterably stupid! Suppose the German General Staff next time had a gentle-

man on it, a Jew, a statesman, or a musician! Not seventy years ago the Prussian Navy went under the hammer. To-day the High Seas Fleet has gone under the waters. New Europe is a Greater Balkan State. In twenty years anything may happen. One test of the new German will lie in his retention or abolition of the duel. Our test will lie in inducement. Both ultimately will depend, not upon force or the apogee of control or position, but upon idea, which, just in itself, promotes justice and sanity among others.

In the Blood

By K. Balbernie

It was not in the least surprising to Richard Cassilis, coming back to England after an absence of some years, to find that Valerie Mayne (Valerie Sefton as she was now) had become notorious in the set to which they had both belonged. He had always feared that strain of recklessness in her nature; warned her of it, even, in the days when they had been so much together. For he himself remembered a brief period when Valerie's attraction had been almost too much for his common-sense. She undoubtedly was attractive. There was a certain way she had of speaking in the middle of a shy little laugh—a mere trick, of course, for it was incredible that Valerie should ever have been shy, even as a baby. And when you held her close to you, her skin seemed so exquisite that you could feel the blood leap beneath it. It was odd how one remembered these things. But, he thanked heaven, he had realised his folly at the very worst moment of what might almost have been called infatuation. He had never, in reason, wished to marry Valerie Mayne. She did not really care for him, in any case, though it was scarcely in her power not to be charming. She was charming to anyone who flattered her sufficiently—a dangerous trait in a woman's character, as he had often pointed out to her. For Richard Cassilis had always been frank with her. It was this she liked so much in him, she used to say (unless she happened to be in one of her illogical tempers, when she would declare it was utterly detestable).

The trouble was that she had been flattered too much. An indefinable prettiness—actual beauty, some insisted—a superficial brilliance: admitting Valerie had these, still there was that strain in her which must make a wise man hesitate to place his strength, his honour, in her charming hands. All the Maynes were wild; picturesque figures, seeming to lack a *foyer* whereon to meet in security a

vaguely-scandalised world. Of course, it would not be fair to blame Valerie for this; but it did not make for the reassurance of her well-wishers. Richard Cassilis had been very wise to break away from her in time. Always a wanderer, he had travelled long and far through strange countries, living richly and roughly, but never in humiliation.

And meantime, with Valerie, his foreboding had apparently been justified to the full. He had come back to find her spoken of as a woman who had made passion an art, about whose life evil rumours gathered like a corroding mist. Sefton, that abstracted, professorial person who had married her soon after Cassilis left England, was pitied or secretly despised, according to the temperament of the onlooker. To do her justice, Valerie had managed to keep up appearances well enough to allow her world still to receive her with, at least, outward courtesy. But a recent affair, which had ended in the suicide of an erotic boy concerned in it, had proved almost too much even for Valerie's amazing determination to live down. Things were in a perilous balance with her just now.

All this passed vaguely through the mind of Richard Cassilis as he stood with her note in his hand. For Valerie had written to him again after these years of silence. That handwriting of hers, once as familiar to him as the movement of her lips, the steady look of her eyes, lay in his hand now with a strange kind of life.

She had heard that he was in England and wrote asking him to come and see her soon. It was quite a short note, addressed to him at his club. Cassilis was bewildered, almost indignant. Had the woman no sense of delicacy? They had parted in bitter anger. They had gone their separate ways. And now, by a few casually written words, she seemed to think those years of absence, with all the loss and shame that had been in them, could be dismissed as lightly as everything else in her light existence.

His first thought had been, of course, to ignore the note. Since the past was the past, let it be decently done with. But with that queer sense of vitality in the very letters her hand had formed, Cassilis began to confuse past with present.

Finally, he decided that he would go to see Valerie once more, if only to show that he feared her no longer. It was

beneath a man's dignity to bear resentment against so trivial a creature. Besides, Sefton would be there too—Valerie's husband. How odd it seemed! Good, honest Edgar Sefton; Cassilis felt for him an intense sympathy.

In order to waste as little consideration as possible on so unimportant a decision, Richard Cassilis went to see Valerie that same afternoon.

The Seftons lived in a rather imposing London house, at whose lofty and silent entry he curiously missed the presence of the woman he had known. Obviously, this was the house of Edgar Sefton, Valerie's husband. And, at the realisation, Cassilis felt an unreasonable pang of disappointment. But presently he was shown into a long room at the centre of the house, overlooking trees and turf. This room was ivory coloured and full of red roses. There were books in it, and a work-basket, and a mysterious pile of lawn and lace.

"Valerie," commented Cassilis to himself in an equally unreasonable sigh of relief.

But he hardened his heart when she herself entered; so confident was she in her smiling loveliness.

"Richard," she said. "So you came."

He stared at her for a little while in silence, and when he spoke it was as if they were chance acquaintances who had met on the preceding day.

"Yes," he answered politely. "You sent for me."

"Oh, I know I am to blame." Again she smiled. "There, Richard, don't distrust me so. I did send for you, and I'll tell you why. Only please sit down, for it'll take rather a long time, and you might as well be comfortable."

"Valerie—," he exclaimed.

But she waved a small, imperious hand at him:

"Yes, I know you always hated a lot of explanation, Richard. And I'm sorry. But there are times when, if you didn't say all that had been in your heart so long, you'd just die. At least, *you* wouldn't, but I would!" She paused, and looked at him inquiringly.

Cassilis, seated now, gazed stiffly out at the trees.

"I will listen to anything you may wish to say, of course. But I'm afraid I haven't very much time . . . an appointment. . . ."

"Five minutes," she assured him, airily; "five minutes are all I shall need out of your entire future, my dear Richard! And I have waited a long while for them. You see, I had to wait till I was happy."

He began to say something impulsively, then checked himself, uncertain. But now his look rested squarely on her.

She met it unflinching, and went on in a curiously impartial tone:

"I don't know that I believe in love very seriously, Richard. But if I ever loved anyone it was you."

He put out his hand vaguely, but her own hands were clasped about her knee.

"Perhaps I didn't, you know," she conceded. It was only that when I laid my head on your breast, everything that was me (stupid me!) seemed to die into you, so that it couldn't be stupid any more, but strong and content."

At sight of a certain expression in his face, she spoke more quickly:

"But that died when you went. I knew, when we put things into words, we always muddled them, and got angry with each other. But somehow I never believed anything actually could part us. But it did, in the end. And then, when I realised you had gone at last, for a little while I hated you as I have never hated anyone before or since."

"Valerie," he urged, uneasily, "if I had understood, perhaps . . . If . . ."

But she lifted her hand, and regarded him with the flickering smile that was beginning to sting now like a flame.

"Don't trouble, Richard; I don't even hate you any more. I hope I am wiser now than I was. Anyway, I've learned that a proud woman doesn't lie down and die just because she's had a hard blow. She builds up her life again, steadily, piece by piece. And that's what I've done, Richard, in the only way I understand. I married Edgar, whom I admired but didn't love, because I'd had enough of what love does. As for all you've heard about me"—her eyes challenged him, utterly unrepentant—"that's my own affair!"

"Your own, is it?" flashed out Cassilis suddenly. "How like you that is! Edgar Sefton's a fool, that can't look to his own woman—"

"Be silent," she commanded, gone white with anger; "you never could understand. I admire Edgar Sefton. He's fond of me, but he isn't domineering like you. He—he has unusual views. That's one reason why I'm so happy."

"Happy!" he jeered; he, too, white as death.

"I am, I am! That's why I sent for you. That you might see how little you really meant to me: how I disdain you!"

For an instant they stood, hard eyes facing hard eyes, fury matched.

Then, quite suddenly, Valerie made a little movement of pain which Casillis remembered of old.

"What is it?" he asked, as instinctively. "Head aching?"

"Yes," she returned, on an almost childish note of resentment. "You make me so tired."

He drew her to him, and stroked her hair, as in old days.

"Dear, dear Valerie," he said.

Then, with her head lying on his breast, she stayed very still. The rare tears stayed burning in her eyes, while her heart had its pause of utter rest. Then she heard what Cassilis was saying so eagerly:

"And all the while I loved you. Wasting these years. Valerie, we'll make up for them now!"

But she drew back, looking up at him with a very gentle mockery:

"Ah, Richard, you wouldn't have waited for me to teach you."

"For God's sake, don't laugh at me," he entreated. "I know now that I've loved you from the beginning. Why, I've never thought of not loving you. I've never thought at all. You're in my blood!"

"And that's just what makes me so afraid," she said. There was no mockery in her eyes now. "Things are different, Richard."

"Nonsense," he retorted; "nothing's ever changed between you and me. You wanted to see me to-day, so you sent for me. I wanted you, so I came. We weren't even angry with each other, as you know perfectly well."

"Still," she insisted gravely, "things are different. Richard, darling, don't be silly. There's Edgar—oh, yes,

there is! And besides—well, you know what they say about me. And that sort of thing takes away your power of feeling very much in the end, I think."

"Nonsense," Cassilis cried again, but with an intensity of pain that included tenderness. "Be honest, Valerie. Do you love me?"

"I don't know," she said. "But it's true what you said about our not being really angry with each other. You and I, Richard, seem to have some kind of secret between us, that we don't even understand ourselves. All the hate, and pain, and muddling are just outside things. There is a secret peace between us. But I don't know whether it's because we love each other, or because we are alike, or simply that your body feels good against mine. And you have only to hold me, Richard, for me to do whatever you say, always. . . . So I'm saying good-bye to you: and, for once, I think you'll admit that I am very wise."

She stood looking at him anxiously, the woman and child in her nature never more strangely commingled. Cassilis believed that this time she had spoken innocently. And with all his soul he meant to accept her admission as honestly as it was made, and to leave her with that new gentleness between them.

But his hands touched her hands; he drew her again to his heart, feeling her warmth in his blood. And now they were both silent.

The Meteoric Genius of Savinien de Cyrano Bergerac

By Mme. Jane Rouira

In the full noontide of romance, when gallantry ticked off the hours, and speech was marked by Gasconades and erotic effusions; when learning was the fashion and *préciosité* the necessity of those who had not the wit to be learned; when the hands of the French clock pointed to March the tenth, 1619, there stepped before the screen, apart, not of the picture—the soldier, poet, philosopher, and scientist—Savinien de Cyrano, sieur de Bergerac.*

Feudalism was at its height, and the Church had reached the zenith of its power. De Cyrano, with utter fearlessness, treated both as toys for very little children till he realised the fetters of the one and the shackles of the other; then the prowess of his sword-arm spoke for the oppressed, but he was never known to fight for himself.

All that was necessary to make his acquaintance was to be in need of some sort. Lebret says of him that he regarded whatever he possessed as belonging less to him than to the first person he met who was in want. It is also said of him that a breath of gallantry never touched his name—a name that has placed Rostand among the immortals. His biographers declare that the dramatist has given us a travesty of the poet, but *they* have only portrayed for us the pattern of his mantle. Yet the contemplation of the poet's mantle, while the man within remained unrevealed, inspired Rostand to write his only great work.

Those who knew him best loved him; fear made the others treat him with respect. What he thought of school-

* Third son of Abel de Cyrano, who acquired the lands of Mauvières and Bergerac from the Duc de Chevreuse. The eldest son, Denys, died; the second son, Abel, became sieur de Mauvières, and Savinien, sieur de Bergerac. (Sous-forêts.)

men is shown in *Le Pédant Joué*, in which the country curate, who was his first teacher, as well as the principal of Beauvais College, are caricatured. On leaving the college, he, with his friend Lebret, joined the Garde-nobles under Captain Carbon de Castel-Jaloux, a crack corps of cadets, mostly Gascons; hence the fiction that he was a Gascon. Here he was called "the demon of bravery." Fighting against the Germans at the siege of Mouzon in 1639, he was shot through the body.

Hardly recovered, with unsurpassed courage, he was fighting again at the siege of Arras in 1640, when he received a serious sword-wound in the neck and his nose was damaged. He had had a very fine physique and a noble countenance, in spite of a large nose (not the proboscis depicted by Rostand), but the very serious nature of his wounds necessitated his leaving the army.

In Paris, Gassendi had just taken a select number of students for philosophy. In spite of a refusal to admit him to the class, de Cyrano established himself a pupil of Gassendi till his thirtieth year. Then he seems to have travelled in various countries, and on his return to Paris, his native town, he submitted to Sercy certain manuscripts for publication, and it is only by what is left of his works that we can get acquainted with the real de Cyrano.

De Cyrano Bergerac, to give the name correctly, was a follower of no one. A thirst for knowledge carried him beyond the schools. One of his aphorisms suggests that he was acquainted with the secret teaching of Plato. With fantastic brilliance, his pen flashed satirical sketches of the men and manners of his time, the object being, so it seems to me, to give the picture-show something it could understand, while it allowed him to live apart—in the unseen—an attitude that he knew admitted of no compromise; yet he yielded in the end to the solicitations of his friend Lebret, a Churchman, who gave him no peace till he accepted the patronage of the Duc d'Arpajon, in compliance with a feudal fashion. Consequently, his *Agrippine*, a tragedy in verse, was staged in 1654. It ran four nights. Certain passages were denounced as blasphemous, and the ducal patron requested de Cyrano to withdraw from the Hotel d'Arpajon. A fire broke out there a few days afterwards, and certain manuscripts were

never seen again. It is said that the poet tried to save his manuscripts, and that a piece of wood fell from the roof and wounded him fatally. Another version, which credited the Jesuits with the event, has it that the terrible wound on his head was the result of a missile thrown from the roof by a hired assassin. That was the current opinion at the time and afterwards. The poet-hero died at thirty-six. What was left of his works was put on the Index.

The Church declared him an unbeliever in God and the immortality of the soul. His biographers have reiterated that dictum: little wonder, for he was a humble but indefatigable seeker after Truth and had neither time nor place for dogma. He tells us in his works that in a knowledge of the Truth one finds freedom from the sense illusion of a material world and the material man, who is only a part of a dream. He makes Sejanus say, when Agrippine pictures a terrible death awaiting him: "Et puis, mourir n'est rien, c'est achever de naître. Aux malheurs de la vie on n'est point enchaîné." ("Death is nothing: the culmination of the illusion of birth. Evil has no real power over man.")

The gods, or religions, fate—all the harness of fear—are described as "Ces beaux riens qu' adore et sans savoir pourquoi. Ces dieux que l'homme a fait, et qui n'ont point fait de l'homme. Qui les craint ne craint rien." ("These fine nothings, adored without knowing why. These man-made gods, and not God-made man, to fear them is to fear nothing.")

There is a fine satire in the line: "Un peu d'encens brûlé rajuste bien des choses." It shows the attitude of the philosopher and scientist towards man-made laws generally. The Jesuits were his bitterest enemies; so when de Cyrano said, "To judge by the specimens of mankind calling themselves 'The Society of Jesus,' Jesus must have kept some queer company," they only quoted the last sentence. They avenged themselves by hiring a cabal to howl down *La Mort d'Agrippine*.

There is a good deal of science interwoven with the fantasy of his *Histoires Comiques*. In *The Journey to the Moon* and *The Kingdoms of the Sun* I see more than a fore-knowledge of the aeronautics of to-day: the air-ship and aeroplane to him were but the symbols of the power of

thought, opening up the realms of mind through personality and individuality symbolised by the moon and the sun.

Without being a socialist, this young apostle of freedom in his youth went about the highways and byways among all sorts and conditions of men. Patriotism knew him not. When Mazarin was attacked on all sides, really because he was an Italian, the comment of the poet was: "Laissons parler la calomnie. La tempête lave le rocher et ne l'ébranle pas. Un honnête homme n'est ni français, ni allemand, ni espagnol; il est citoyen du monde et sa patrie est partout."

The-Man-in-the-Street

By H. R. Holden

'Tis morning, and a forbidding house disgorges a human biped. The arm of this prehensile creature jerks forth, and the door closes with a bang. Yes, he is most certainly alive. His eyes oscillate, and his legs execute a rapid alternate movement, which carries the rest of his anatomy over the ground at a not inconsiderable pace. Despite all descantations about volition, what is he but a finely constructed machine, whose actions can be foretold, under almost any given circumstances? Just watch him, how he moves and acts, with the monotonous and predictable precision of an automaton. He feels hungry, and with vulpine morality enters a restaurant; meets a lady friend and raises his hat; passes a funeral cortège and repeats the action. The street terminates with an abrupt angle and he swerves off dexterously to the left, not wishing to experience the same sensations as the redoubtable gentleman who essayed a conflict with bricks and mortar.

"Yes," you say, "he is a most ordinary man, and no one worthy of the epithet intelligent would do otherwise." Who, then, is this achromatic individual that he should demand attention? He is the most important man in the world: no more and no less than the much-talked-of, much-catered-for Man-in-the-Street. It is for him that the mills grind, the tailors cut, and for whose especial benefit the Kings of the Earth wage war. Without him, the whole machinery of industrialism would come to a standstill, for he is the one object of Civilisation, whose constant and never-ending duty is to feed, clothe, and employ him, and in every way administer to his comfort. And yet withal he is what might be termed a big-little man, being remarkable only at one point—at that of being remarkable for nothing. Through apathy and neglect, the contrivances designed for his well-being have become his master, and now he raves frantic about schemes of reformation and emancipation,

little suspecting that it is himself, and not the Constitution, that needs reforming.

The modern exultation over the decay of hero-worship is by no means a regenerative sign. Carlyle's respect for Johnson, Luther, Cromwell, and Dante can well be understood, but abject cringing before ubiquitous Mediocrity is really inexplicable. The Man-in-the-Street is the one great idol of Newspaperism—indeed, by which it might be said he has been actually created. Ever since Fleet Street took upon itself the onerous duty of enlightening the unenlightened, it has considered as its divine function the manufacture of stereotyped ideas for the average man, who, poor mortal, has either not had the time or capacity to think for himself, but has donned his opinions in the same fashion as he would a ready-made thirty-bob suit. We have all met him at some time or other, in the person of that complaisant yet rather dull individual who flounders hopelessly about the sea of life, dissembling in the mental robes of the last person he met or the last paper he read. Yet it is he whom all devotees of the ink-pot are most anxious to explore and give a lucid exegesis of. They literally tumble over one another to attribute to him all kinds of crankish idiosyncrasies, and always claim the privilege to speak on his behalf and depict him as a most vehement partisan to bolster up their own particular views, whatever they may be.

The public, for instance, is gravely assured that the Man-in-the-Street is irreconcilably opposed to the dog licence and to the involuntary disintegration of brewery interests. Another publicist is just as certain that the contemporary who makes these assertions is either guilty of heterophemy or is suffering from radical delusions from which only a General Election can disenthrall him. In this and many other ways is the tatterdemalion figure of the poor, oft-slandered, yet never-complaining Man-in-the-Street indiscriminately bandied about by political opponents as a protagonist in almost every infeasible and senseless project under the sun.

Thus is homage done to Mediocrity, and plot and counter-plot enacted for the patronage of the apotheosised Man-in-the-Street, who is himself largely to blame for allowing his individuality and corporate identity to become submerged under the supernatant rubbish of a mercenary

Press. If the Germans invaded this country he would fight, and fight to the last drop of blood; or if any external force threatened the abrogation of his civil liberties he would offer the most violent resistance. And yet he tamely sits down and succumbs to the hypnotic influence of words—mere words. He acquiesces—nay, he even collaborates—in a scheme of things that is to encompass his own destruction. He buys a daily paper, thereby paying for himself to be delineated, and then, poor, silly thing, is deluded and over-ridden by his own caricature. Here, indeed, is an example in excelsis of that unbelieved truism, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

If the Man-in-the-Street is ever to regain his self-respect and the esteem of his fellow-men he must drastically apply to his thinking apparatus the principle of "self-determination," and reassert rightful kingship over his own personality. Yet too much optimism regarding his rehabilitation would be unwarrantable, as "Ours is a fictile world, and man is the most fingent plastic of creatures."

The Arabs and Damascus

By Arthur Mills

HUSSEIN has already been recognised by us as King of the Hedjaz; he would like to be known as Emperor of all the Arabs. In the first place he is a Hussein, which is to say he is a Hohenzollern, a Stuart, or a Guelph. He is more than that: we have no equivalent among our royal families in Europe for a Hussein. He is of Fatimite descent, he is the nearest living relation of the Prophet, he is a very big man in the Mahommedan world indeed.

Hussein has three sons, the Sherifs Feisal, Abdulla, and Zeid. Of these it is the Sherif Feisal who is known to this country. He came over some months ago with Colonel Lawrence, and was shown our Grand Fleet, Houses of Parliament, and so forth. He is a picturesque personality and perfectly conscious of the fact. Of the King's family he is the one most in touch with European thought. Feisal has appeared in front of the Peace Conference, and is the personality most to be reckoned with in handling any problem affecting the Hedjaz. Not much is known of the Sherif Abdulla except that he is an indifferent general and intrigues against his brothers whenever opportunity offers. The Sherif Zeid is young and irresponsible; he delights in pranks and practical jokes. All three sons give outward signs of living in great awe of their father, and are at times chastened by him with rigour.

Now each of these sons commands an army, and each of these armies can, and very likely will, be a grave source of danger. The troops have modern weapons and a certain quantity of artillery. Arab officers have received instruction from British officers in the art of war. The old difficulty, which the Arabs always experienced in their past warfare against the Turks, of having guns but being unable to use them, no longer exists. They know something now of artillery warfare. Colonel Lawrence, without reference to whom no account of Hedjaz personalities would be

complete, has, aided by other British officers, succeeded in organising for King Hussein a quite passable Arab Regular Army.

The immediate problem which affects the Hedjaz is the allocation of Damascus. Should Damascus pass to the French, a bitter blow will have been dealt to Arab aspirations. Whatever misgivings more enlightened Arabs, such as the Emir Feisal, may have felt as to the ultimate fate of Damascus, it is at least certain that the majority of Arabs have come to regard the city as their own. There is indeed little doubt that Damascus was promised to them as a reward for their share in the operations which finally evicted the Turks from Syria. They have had so many gatherings, speeches, and processions in the town extolling their omnipotence that they can only regard the advent of the French as the bitterest gall. Moreover, to an Oriental the loss of "face" is a very serious matter.

Few details of Arab administration of Damascus since the armistice have reached Europe, but it is not to be supposed that their rule has been faultless. The writer has seen something of the Arabs in their new surroundings and is of the opinion that they have much to learn before they can hope successfully to extend their Empire. The permanent occupation of Damascus carried with it suzerainty over large tracts of Syria. The Damascenes themselves and the majority of leading Syrian notables regard with horror the prospect of coming under the rule of Mecca.

It remains to be seen what effect it will have upon the Arabs if Damascus is given to the French. It is not necessary to look far to see the immediate result. A parallel instance to the present occasion occurred after the fall of Beyrout. The Arabs immediately flew their flag over the town. The French representative, who had hurried to the town, surveyed the flag with great displeasure. If there was one part of Syria more than another which the French regarded as theirs, it was Beyrout. The Arabs were evidently of a different opinion. As the port of Damascus, Beyrout they considered should belong to them; *pourparlers* and frantic telegrams with Governments at home were exchanged. Eventually, in the middle of the night, the Arab flag was hauled down, and

the following morning the Arab governor took his departure. There followed immediately an outburst of Arab fury against the French. Had there not been a powerful British force on the spot this outburst would certainly have taken the practical form of a massacre. The Emir Feisal, who had advanced on the British right with his forces and entered Damascus in the rôle of conqueror, was furious. He contended that he had been led to believe that the Arabs were to form a nation of their own, that they had been given Damascus as their northern capital, that it was essential they should have Beyrout as their port. Feisal's murmurings were quelled by the personality of General Allenby, of whom he stood in mortal terror. It is to be hoped that the French will have some such a man as Allenby on the spot if they take possession of Damascus.

However, there is one other possibility. The Hedjaz itself is at the moment in a state of turmoil. Ibn Saud has attacked Mecca and inflicted a severe defeat on the army of the Sherif Abdulla, Feisal's brother. King Hussein, who, backed by British influence, is endeavouring to assert his claim as King of all the Arabs, has his hands full with recalcitrant tribes. Meanwhile, though the British and, I believe, the French public remain ignorant and indifferent about the internal troubles of the nearest living relative of the Prophet, his son Feisal is quite alive to his opportunities. Feisal realises that the real objection of the Damascenes to Arab rule is the dislike of coming under Mecca. He knows that his much respected father down in Mecca has his hands too full to stretch them out and chasten him, and he has elected this moment to come forth with the happy suggestion that Hussein may be ignored as far as Damascus is concerned, as also his brothers, the Sherifs Zeid and Abdulla. He proposes that he should be set up as a quasi-independent Prince of Damascus, and hopes that this compromise will meet with favour from all parties.

Finance and Bolshevism

By Seminole

LENIN has done his work in Russia—now for the harvest! That Lenin still has his tongue in his cheek whilst his partners busy themselves gathering the rewards of his work doesn't seem to occur to the clever few behind the scenes. Greed is an overpowering passion, which in its methods often fails to think largely and accurately.

Paradoxically, to understand the Russian internal situation up to date it is necessary to go outside Russia. The facts in Russia are manufactured in Alexandria or New York. Until the two great financial groups, whose double-headed controls lie in Egypt and America, resign their activities or console their differences, it is useless for newspaper barons to vapour prattlings about the necessity for a policy in Russia. Facts in Russia lose all potency as incentives to united action when they are but the puppets of rival and changing financial programmes. Look not then at the ebb and flow of Koltchak's forces, the Petrograd fog of hesitation, or to the performances of tanks with Denikin, but inquire of the financiers, and if they reply the position in Russia will be clear.

Truly may Russia be the "acid test" of honest reconstruction, for Russia is a magazine from which both the Militarist and the "Commercialist" groups of exploiters draw their ideas or replenish their camouflage ammunition. Both groups look upon the exploitation of Russia as the proper means of paying for the war, and, incidentally, enriching themselves. At first they were violently opposed to one another—the Militarist believing in vertical systems supported by force, the Commercialist inclining towards the utilisation of horizontal social cleavage to produce low values and absence of resistance to exploitation. Chaos in Russia offered opportunity to both schools, and pointed the way to a world application of methods found successful in Russia.

The Militarists had matters mostly their own way during the first months of the Peace Conference. The quiet discipline of the British soldier, when combined with French exaltation of revenge, produced a "cocksure" attitude in the minds of the Vertical School—hence, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia as supporting military police systems to block German adventures, the rise in the fortunes of the Interventionalists, and the formation of the Franco-British-Alexandrian group of financiers. The forces, but recently released from death grips with the opposing German Militarist group, were soon to be found in every area from Archangel and Siberia to Anatolia and Central Asia. Missions of every sort and description proceeded to the ends of the earth armed with permission to threaten malcontents with the might of the victorious Allies. The Starvation General Staff (Hoover & Co.), so recently a part of the military system at war with Germany, at first played its part. Mandates for the right to exploit this or that area were eagerly sought, and great military leaders in newly found commercial billets found their future secure. Baku oils went to Italians, Baghdad-Mesopotamia & Co. were British, the Mespot-Persia Co-operative Co. threw sops to Russians, Greeks, French, and Italians, and Japan-Canada & Co. found solace in Siberia.

There were flies in this ointment, for this regional vertical control required soldiers and order, and America, who was expected to "get in on the game" by accepting Armenia and Constantinople or any other difficult area, didn't see quite where the soldiers were to come from. Italians, Serbs, and Greeks weren't quite pleased with their share of the spoils, whilst the new All-Russian Government viewed with alarm the alienation of huge slices of Russia and the loss of her oils along with her ideas about Constantinople. The soldiers, too, wanted to go home, and police work was distasteful or impossible among hungry peoples. The Starvation General Staff began to find a more profitable method of getting in on the game than the support of Militarism, and even a firm state of order didn't seem to succeed in making people work. Unless people would work and soldiers would fight, the Militarist group would be in a bad way; Russia must be shown to the world as the "horrible example," and more support given to the

Interventionists. Koltchak and Denikin sweep forward and Lenin's fortunes wane. If the Alexandria group at this moment could have made satisfactory arrangements with the New York financiers, Leninism would now be a memory.

The American School, however, thought they knew a better or a business way of doing things, and the American people never did like standing armies. Buy for the least price, sell for the highest, is an old business maxim. Thanks to the Bolsheviki, Russia was for sale cheap; Germany and Austria-Hungary, ground to a powder of exhaustion, could mostly be had for a song. Given sufficient anguish, chaos, and hunger, the peoples of the world would be willing to work if only they might eat. Russia had shown how to lower values, but the Alexandria Militarist group, if successful in their interventionist methods, would probably prevent the New York School from getting in on the "ground floor" before values went up—hence, Prinkipo Proposals, Smuts' Missions, Nansen Food Schemes, and the "Hands off Russia" cry.

Space does not permit explaining how the New York School was born, or with what struggles in Paris it came to grow, until its aims nearly upset the whole concert of the Allies, but the signing of a Militarist peace by no means killed it. The game of lowering values by the use of chaos, and of producing docility through starvation, is the method employed. American finance, accompanying the Apostle of High Principles, came to Paris, looked the Old World over, and found it good—then proceeded to "get busy."

Germany and "big business" have long known one another, more especially as many American business kings originally hailed from the Fatherland. The New York School joined the German group, and both together opposed an already divided Alexandria crowd. Lenin's fortunes rose, Koltchak retired, confusion reigned in the Baltic, Finland went to pieces, the "Triple Alliance" and the workmen of the world screamed "Hands off Russia!" Hungary fell to the influence of her Western compatriots, French soldiers upset the calculations of Alexandria, Afghan troubles and Indian aspirations added to the Militarist school's responsibilities, and mining strikes paralysed the British productiveness which threatened markets covered by New York-Hamburg & Co. Lenin sold

out to the latter, whilst Alexandria frantically scrambles for concessions from Koltchak, Denikin & Co.—even going to the length of supporting a new Tsar in order that the dotted line signatures on the Koltchak loan contracts may have a sufficient guarantor.

Now come riots in Canada, the United States, and everywhere, until chaos threatens to get out of hand. "Big business" entails elimination of *business* competition, so the Militarist and Commercialist group to-day begin negotiations for a merger. If this succeeds, we may hear that Lenin and Koltchak have compromised; that Germany and Poland may compose their differences, and that the Bolsheviki may find opportunity in new fields.

In all this, Cabinets, Governments, Generals, and Diplomats are either dupes or puppets. It is not suggested that the two groups do not honestly believe they are right, and easily convince politicians and statesmen that they are. That they will be successful in exploiting the whole world depends upon whether they can "get together" themselves. Ten years of their success will lead to their extinction.

Finance always did neglect psychology, and suffering people have gained education and ideals. The Russian peasant is almost ready to solve the problem himself. Lenin may please a financial group before he is assassinated, but Koltchak and his followers will have to satisfy the *ideals* of 180,000,000 awakened human beings. When the concession hunter comes to collect he will find Koltchak true to his people and to "natural lines of territory," and not to those who would divide and exploit the Russias.

High Prices as "Fruits"

By Austin Harrison

HIGH prices have at last frightened the Government, and so we are to have tribunals, leaving the core of the problem unprobed and the big profiteers untouched. What is the reason of these high prices?

One reason is that the war, having completely commercialised the "back" under Government auspices, the law of the market no longer rules. Every man who sells almost naturally profits, and as the demand is far greater than the supply, the condition for profiteering is a "constant," as they say, without risk, competition being virtually eliminated. The vacuum of production finds us to-day short. There are more buyers than sellers, for cash, too, is as prevalent as profit. Thus the seller has a command market. The mass of the people want to buy and are able to buy—on credit, which is the basis on which we all live to-day—and all commodities are scarce because for quite four years European production has been for war, *i.e.*, non-productive.

The seller thus is king. He imposes prices. He can do this for *two reasons* which Mr. Lloyd George's tribunals carefully avoid touching.

First, *embargoes*, which are protective restrictions imposed to *create* and bolster up industries at home, (1) in order to keep down imports, (2) in order to aid home production. Here we have a primary source of our specific high prices. Take glass. A tumbler which cost 4*d.* in 1914 to-day costs 1*s.* 6*d.*—because embargoes keep out Belgian glass. Similarly with crockery and all household goods from scissors to corsets and bottles. The Government is solely to blame. It has sought to create new industries here by a policy of protection, with the result that prices of all protected articles soar; first, because of the price of labour here; secondly, because of the want of technique and expense of starting new industries under

cover of Government protection. No tribunals will touch this question. The housewife will continue to despair. The young couple about to furnish will have to buy at ludicrous figures because the Government refuse to let in Belgian glass, crockery, electric bulbs, etc., etc.; and so boots are soaring, and clothes are soaring, and everything is soaring; agriculture, because it is artificially subsidised, and all industries which used to be imports, but now, under the Government's care, are trying to become home products. Thus the conditions all favour the seller. They are artificially so stimulated by the Government as a part of national policy, and so long as this policy lasts precisely so long shall we have to pay exorbitant prices for all household goods and most other necessaries. The tribunals are eyewash for political motives. They cannot get at the cause of prices because the *cause is policy*—the policy of political evasion at the expense of the consumer for the benefit of the profiteering supporters of the Government.

Now we pass to a deep cause—Trusts. We used to talk of the competitive system—the war has killed competition. To-day finance is combinatory or controlled; it lies in the hands of a few men who are thus in a position (1) to buy up when things are cheap, (2) to unload when they have become dear through the scarcity thus deliberately created. This is called high finance, and this it is to-day which fixes prices. During the war this system became governmental. It rules internationally and was to have been the inner meaning of the League of Nations. Thus a League in control of the seas and of the raw materials of the world: in a position, therefore, to control European markets plus the instrument of starvation as inducement for the rest. And this, of course, is the explanation of the talk of super-production, the big industrialists arguing that if they controlled "raw" they *ipso facto* controlled man—a very stupid calculation on their part at the end of a five-years' war, in which man or the tool has fought for better conditions and higher opportunity. However, there it is. The Trust system is complete. That is to say capital is consolidated, and the high prices everywhere are the direct result.

The banks are all amalgamated. Enormous business amalgamations have been made since the armistice, and their

chief concern is the establishment of monopolies. Once a business gets a monopoly, wealth is automatic. You corner sugar, raw leather, rubber, wool, cotton, potash, tin-plate, soda, iron ore, oil, or what not, and there you are *more* the late Mr. Carnegie and the dozens of others from Mr. Whitaker Wright to the latest war profiteer, who will assure you that a levy on capital is "impossible," finance being so very subtle a game.

The Trust game is at full blast to-day, and it is almost the only game that does pay. It is the American specific, but to-day it is Europe's problem, and prices will continue high in consequence, because the trusts are so united and powerful that they can squeeze everywhere, and the only real competition in the game is that played, unknown to the public, between the groups of rival trusts. Tribunals, of course, will not venture to tackle trusts. But trusts are the root cause, because literally they hold the goods, and only sell when they can reap a big profit. They are the octopi of the present economic system. The trusts make high prices because that is their specific business. Prices are the direct action of the control. Thus we find the causes of high prices to be (1) the conditions of scarcity and general profligacy in departments of Ministerial authority; (2) the embargoes which shut out competition; (3) the trusts which corner the "raw" and only sell at a huge profit. It should be clearly understood that these great capitalists control Governments to-day and really are the Government. Our last election was a pure capitalists' campaign for political control, with what result no man outside Parliament would venture publicly to-day to approve. The power of these octopi to-day is such that they can starve any country they please, and that brings the matter to the international side, in a word, to Paris.

What did the "Big Three" do at Paris? They re-mapped Europe on a military and capitalist basis: depriving the enemy of "raw," thus of all power of recuperation. France took the iron ore, the potash, the coal on the left bank of the Rhine; we have taken 800,000 square miles of mandatory regions where there are oil and a vast potential granary, etc.; the iron ore, coal, zinc, etc., on the east was parcelled up between the Poles, the Czecho-Slovaks, the Roumanians, and the Jugo-Slavs. In a word, the founda-

tions of wealth were decentralised to impoverish the enemy for the benefit of the Allies. This means that Paris made a peace with the object of conducting *economic war ever afterwards*. And this is why economic trouble exists to-day.

The enemy is completely impoverished. Europe is devitalised, grouped on a decentralised basis of low economic units for the purpose of levelling .down or weakening so as to leave France in sovereign command of Europe (1) through Britain, who is pledged to support this military regrouping; (2) finally through America in control of "raw," food, and the avenues of credit.

But they did not think economically at Paris, so eager were they to reap the fruits, and so we find the great problem to-day is free trade or protective trade as a burning cry among the Allies. Belgium has begun to squeal. Our embargoes shut out her glass. "We want Entente Free Trade!" cry the Belgians, who see themselves deprived of their capital market or compelled to trade with the enemy. Mr. Lloyd George, O.M., apparently never thought of that. Similarly with French wines. Now the position resulting from Paris is economically this. If we have an Entente Free Trade Alliance against Central Europe, apart from the conditions of economic war, our new or artificially created industries will smash, for prices would come down here so fast that we could no longer compete: the consumer would benefit, but not the beneficiaries of Government. If we don't do this, the economic Entente alliance will automatically break, for we shall punish our Allies, who will respond by retaliation and trade elsewhere, thus leading back to the old position of selling where you can. It is a dilemma. It is more. It is the "stymie" Paris has laid to its own fantastic aspirations of controlling the world, like Louis XIV., through the control of "raw," and so of prices, *i.e.*, a League of Trusts.

What Paris did was to raise prices here by 150 per cent., because politicians thought only of the map. In order to satisfy French politicians, we had to eviscerate Central Europe, it never occurring to the 3,000 and odd gentlemen living in Paris at the rate of about a fiver a day for six months that in smashing the major part of Europe they were crippling markets; France not wanting much from us, except coal, and America having a prohibitive tariff wall of

her own besides being to-day second to us in shipping. There remained Russia, and here we have the real reason of the war—which is not a war, and the blockade—which is not a blockade—against Lenin. Russia would pay for the war. The word is concessions. The idea was to force a market in Russia. And so Lenin offers peace while we send gas and tanks as frank offerings in support of Koltchak, who is well known as an arch reactionary. The truth is simple enough. Mr. Lloyd George succumbed to the "glorious revenge." To-day Mr. Lloyd George's subjects (it is the only word) find that prices are dreadful, he having regrouped Europe vindictively, thus eliminating markets, preventing trade, fostering high prices, provoking war, revolution, chaos, and instability, which is the very condition capitalists disfavour, credit being dependent upon *stability*, and not, as the Prime Minister sagaciously thought, on vengeance.

And so, just as super-production was to halve the debt in a year, and the capitalist section of the League of Nations promoters were preparing to fix prices for friend and foe in final and indisputable possession of "raw" and of prices. Man jibbed. Paris had forgotten coal—except as an asset. The miner had been overlooked. Wages! Confound wages! Mind was, of course, taboo. Having no idea higher than revenge and exploitation, the politicians at Paris thought there would be no *idea* as the result of Armageddon: they would give it capital instead. Alas! for the "Wee Three" —they thought wrong. True, President Wilson tried to point the way. He at least expostulated, *talked* of a League of Nations, of a commonwealth, of co-operation, of reconciliation; but Mr. Lloyd George bowed to M. Clemenceau. He preferred the map; military hegemonies; the Poles were Europe's stabiliser—and the sanitary cordon. Man—who the deuce is he?

Poor Mr. Lloyd George! Man is here and everywhere, and he wants to know what his Government is going to do about high prices. In a month or so the capitalist will want to know, and then Mr. Lloyd George will have to think; will have to take a decision; may have to go to the country within a year of the thumping majority of last December, which sent him to Paris "without a thought." I tried to rescue him, myself going down to Carnarvon to

induce him to think. But Mr. Lloyd George had his mind on Tilsit. I praised him in Wales to try to make him see that Napoleon ended badly and that a real League of Nations was the only way out. His answer was—Tilsit, and I was not allowed to send a single postal communication to the absent voters, so democratic was the election. Mr. Lloyd George romped home. To-day he must surely be splitting his head to think of some means of romping out.*

High prices will continue. Conditions, Government waste, shortage, embargoes, and the Trusts—these are the causes of the high prices, and they are derivative of Paris, which regrouped Europe on a basis of economic war. The tribunals may catch a dozen small profiteers or two. They will not trouble the real governors of government, who conduct their operations in superb contempt for the politician and the public.

I am writing in the capitalist sense, for it must not be supposed that the really big men are not thoroughly aware of the mess Paris has placed them in. They might have got away with the design, had they been in power in Paris and could they have induced the politicians to think on the lines of economics instead of in sections of the map; but this was precisely what the politicians would not do. The result is European instability; nations which are not economic units; war, confusion, revolution, and low production—in fine, a Grand Balkanised Europe, defying Paris, out for loot, setting up Grand Dukes, thus making confusion worse confounded, and so reacting upon international credit or that very god Paris enthroned to make the world safe for plutocracy.

The enemy cannot pay because we have taken from him the means of labour or wealth and he has no credit. The new creations have no credit to pay for our exports, and we are shutting out theirs. Always the consumer pays. And the worst of it is that Labour will not go back to work on pre-war wages, but seems to think it too ought to have a share in the fruits. Through the map runs the black streak of coal and the question of man's mechanism. Had Paris made a great Peace establishing order and

* Perhaps the salient point in Mr. George's three hours' speech was—no restrictions on trade, with exceptions, those to be penal against the enemy, thus, dyes, etc. This means a subsidy against the consumer—higher prices on the household necessaries.

opportunity, credit used co-operatively might have established a working equation, but Paris chose to regroup Europe militarily and capitalistically on lines of political cleavage, thus cutting straight through the democratic idea, and so through the working equation. Thus instead of El Dorado chaos reigns, deepening into European crisis. The producers cannot produce; markets are artificial; prices rise, and with them wages; credit has no buffeting basis; strikes are chronic; only paper is a surfeit—or borrowed money, bringing us every week nearer to a levy on capital or a new order founded on a new Treaty of Peace based on co-operation—a real League of Nations.

And there is this—the *blockade*, which has caused more harm than all the profiteers put together. The politicians at Paris refused to see that Europe was literally done, was physically exhausted, and that food was the crying need of all nations. The result of this political incompetence we are beginning to realise to-day, for production is subnormal to a degree never previously recorded, and while the "Wee Three" deliberated Europe sank into the morass of revolution and hunger. Tribunals are merely a Government artifice to hide the truth—the shameful truth which will reverberate in Europe for fifty years—that Europe cannot feed herself because of the blockade which prevented trade and recovery; which promoted wars, revolution, chaos, and atrophy; which with its insensate censorship, embargoes, vast armies, aircraft stunts, colossal expenditure, and waste of the public moneys, has positively made Europe dependent for food upon America, who, in turn, is faced with the problem of credit or how to get paid for her stuff. That is the real fruit of Paris, and this winter we shall all chew the cud in rebellious anxiety. Europe is dependent upon America for life—for food—that is all Paris did, and unless the League or some honest Government calls a halt to the wars of the Poles, of the Roumanians, of the Dynasts, and the dozen other wars stopping production, Europe will be convulsed with famine and disaster without parallel.

When the public wail about prices, they should reflect on the causes of high prices. They should understand that the world's economic crisis is only beginning; that it has been intensified fourfold by the blockade and the Treaty,

which have established conditions of ruin and despair. To talk of tribunals is an insult to the intelligence. The real cause of prices and of Europe's financial *impasse* is policy, which even to-day refuses to make peace with Russia; which goads on Roumania under French generals to play the Hun in Hungary and set up a Hapsburg Archduke; which allows the Poles, against their pledged word, to seize the Galician oilfields from the Ukraine and stirs them to make war on Lithuania; which cynically fobs off Italy with bits of Turkey and cannot yet decide what to do with Russia. The blockade* and the Treaty have destroyed Europe's markets. That is the truth. They have stopped production. They have offered no alternative but Bolshevism, and when Bolshevism comes they make war on it.

One clear-thinking, brave man has fought against this orgy of political wastage and brutality—Mr. Hoover; but he does not control. The French military authorities control, and so the wars go on, with Mr. Churchill playing second as a pocket Ludendorff.

High prices will continue, and they will go higher, so long as Europe is kept in discord by a Treaty which prevents production, which makes wars, which drives us to put on embargoes, which imagines that if Denikin can place some princeling as "black" Tsar on the throne all will be well. That will only make more revolulution. Such is the reason of high prices. It is the politicians who turned the President's League into a peace of Tilsit that are to blame, who handed over Europe to a League of Trusts, not the little profiteers who are merely benefiting by their chaos.

And now high finance is alarmed, six months too late. The God Capital, himself made cock-eyed at Paris, is uneasy. The "big" men threaten us with 10*s.* in the pound income tax. Labour must be a good boy and go to work, all because of the fraudulent tom-tom elections last December, which sent the Prime Minister to Paris to "hip" Wilson and play Napoleon.

The stunt is panic. Our army on the Rhine is to return at once, to the disappointment of not a few girls who were

* The Navy hated the dirty work. One of our leading Admirals said about it: "It makes me want to spew."

going out for a "joy time"; and soon the silly politicians will discover that Paris may decree revenge, but work needs man, for which reason the preposterous coal demands made upon Germany are already halved. The whole edifice of Paris will eventually crumble for the same reason; it won't work. If half Europe is to be enslaved, the other half will be ruined. But there we are. I think the newspaper viscounts will manage to save us from ruin by the "big babies" at Paris, but the high prices will continue, and if we continue to try to rebuild Europe on a vertical system of war, prices will go higher still, "up and up," until, like the "Master-builder" in Ibsen's play, we crash. And that too will be "thrilling."

Omar Khayyam Returns

By Austin Harrison

Somebody, K.C., will soon be getting busy with the first "brief" of the League of Nations, which thus, even before it is ratified, is exposed to the refreshing test of sincerity upon which the whole thing rests even as an experiment. I do not refer to Ireland, that poor sacrilegious jest of democracy, for Ireland remains the flotsam of discredited politicians, the sport of "holy water," the bin of British justice; the first test is the pretty controversy between France and Britain over the small division of the spoils that has its "spiritual home," or material oilfields, in—Persia. There we have at least neutral territory. Persia did not come within the zone of war, but Persia is to come within the settlement, and so for £2,000,000, invested at the comfortable return of 7 per cent., we are to guarantee Persian integrity and self-determination. Those who remember the Persian delegation knocking at the door of the "Big Three" at Paris must indeed smile when they read of this accord so profiteeringly yet happily arranged "on the spot," far from the importunities of the League of Nations, for though to the general public the deal may signify little, to those who have oil shares it means much, and to the diplomatists of the old secret school it is a master stroke. Persia is settled. We assume responsibility. Persia enters the British imperial orbit.

The trouble is France, for the French are logical, and, looking at Persia, they not unnaturally ask where they come in, seeing that oil is good business and Persia occupies a highly important strategic position, the railways for which they, at any rate, would like to control or contract for, *pari passu*? And so we have this highly droll paradoxical position of French ultra-Jingo journalism taking up the cudgels for the League of Nations, and apparently quite

seriously. The *Temps* refers to Article X. of the Covenant, which says: "Members of the League bind themselves to respect and maintain against all external aggression the territorial integrity and present political independence of all members of the League." Here we have the nucleus of a nice dispute of conjuncture which America likewise has taken up, as it gives Persia a vote and clearly contravenes the Covenant; which thus is certain to lead to important developments, so important, in fact, that I propose to state the case here publicly in order that at least some people may realise whither our imperialism on credit is drifting, and whether there is not an absolute necessity for that "foolish old idealist contraption called a League of Nations," which the French themselves defeated at Paris by the direct action of M. Clemenceau.

What is the difficulty? The real meaning of French soreness is that France wants Syria, which was assigned to her in one of the secret treaties. But in our Turkish campaigns we found the Arabs extremely useful: in fact, without the military aid of the Arabs our Mesopotamian campaigns could hardly have materialised, and so we started the cry of Arab self-determination—to down the Turk. Our offer was accepted. King Hussein was capitalised to make that part of the globe safe for democracy, and now the confederates ask for the rewards. That is, Hussein demands Damascus, which the French covet, and the Arabs want Syria, which also the French covet. (See the article by Capt. Mills.) But this desire of France presents a problem. If we take Persia and France takes Syria, the Arabs, who were told that if they fought for us they would inherit their earth, will cry "We are betrayed!" and so we shall have more little wars at a time when wars must stop, unless we wish to become bankrupt absolutely as well as technically. And so at Paris they are annoyed. They are talking of "perfidious" Albion. They are positively invoking the League of Nations, which in their own highly specialised Treaty of revenge they thought they had "scotched" for all other purposes save that of associating Britain and America with their military ascendancy for evermore.

It is precisely the same kind of incident as that over Fiume which led to Italy's sullen resentment and the fall of the imperialist, Orlando. The problem contains the core of a world conflagration at no very future date? Now we can argue rightly: "Well, the League is *not yet* in existence. Paris refused to see the Persian delegates. This little pact is a brilliant example of secret diplomacy—while there is time. Besides, Russia is 'out.' Someone must *help* Persia. Why should not we, who can give her just the sort of benevolent government we have given to Egypt?" And if the French press the point, Lord Curzon can reasonably point out that it was the French who prevented President Wilson from making a League of Nations' peace. It was M. Clemenceau who amused all Paris with the story that every night he said to himself on going to bed: "George, you do believe in the League, don't you?" and on waking, answered: "No, I don't." It was Paris which made a vindictive peace. It was Paris which "dished" the Fourteen Points, leaving twenty-one points of war; but, apart from questions of principle, which may be absurd, or of policy, which may be impolitic, we have only done what Roumania has done under the brilliant leadership of French generals. Persia is only our Eastern sanitary cordon.

Thus Lord Curzon has a strong case. For Paris to complain now is really unkind. We obeyed M. Clemenceau implicitly. It was Paris which insisted on the blockade after the armistice, which is the direct cause of the appalling conditions in Europe to-day, the reason why half Europe this year has not been tilled, sown, or harvested, the reason why America is literally compelled to feed the starving Peoples. It was Paris which sent Mr. Wilson away a dis-covenanted man. It was Paris which made the military sanitary cordon, thus causing the numerous wars now rapidly ruining Europe. It was Paris which refused pity, justice, statesmanship, nay, common sense; which in her insensate desire of revenge deliberately used the mechanism provided to carve up Europe, to impoverish the parts, to create Bolshevism and then fight it; which frustrated Prinkipo, the Nansen and Smuts' programs; which insisted upon an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—

regardless of the consequences: which cooked the golden goose.

In this REVIEW the inevitable results of this madness of the politicians were pointed out again and again. For Paris to complain now is comic. For Paris to appeal to the League of Nations, which she laughed at and frustrated, is excellent. Paris set the example of grasping what she could. Paris turned the conference into Tilsit. For Paris to complain because we follow suit and do a bit of "civilising infiltration" on our own is really ungenerous; but if Paris appeals to the League of Nations, then, *Bon Dieu!* we can smile, because it is the first proof of returning sanity. And so Persia provides the first "brief" for League of Nations sincerity.

How President Wilson will smile when he reads the French comment! The League, after all, is some good then! Force alone cannot decide or rule indefinitely. The President to-day receives his first justification. Persia is the test. If Persia goes before the League, the League will be born. If Persia does not go before the League, then the League will be stillborn, and we shall return to Louis XIV. and to militarism as the sole means of upholding what we have taken. Thus the crux is provided sooner than people expected. France will now press hard for Syria. She too will play the game of *beati posidentes*. And if she takes Syria, then we shall have let down the Arabs, which will be a bad beginning for our Arabian democracy vested in the magnificent oilfields of Persia. It is a pretty conjuncture of the old kind. We add a little oil to the Empire, and call it (not macaroni) democracy. As good as Cecil Rhodes or the grab in South Africa and China. After all, France has taken Morocco, and they say America may take Mexico. Oil is the "open Covenant"—of war.

The fact is that the new Balkans, apart from the Balkanised half of Europe, created by the sanitary cordon, lies in the East, where there is oil. India is the strategic reason. Persia is the centre of this new strategic unit, hence Persian gravitation. It is capitalism working ex-

territorially of the Fourteen Points, that is all; but Paris has no right of appeal, and, with India rapidly approaching her stage of national responsibility and the Arabs clamouring for their reward, this new Curzonic flotation of Islamic hegemony or a Greater Eastern Egypt is—well, it is either going to land us in war or straight into the cool councils of the League of Nations. The stricken Kaiser may well stroke his grey "woodcutter's" beard as he reflects upon the sin of failure, but at least he will recognise that Persia has saved his head. We cannot "absorb" Persia and hang the Kaiser. So oil soothes the troubled waters.

Persia may yet provide the scimitar of peace. She will strew the path with "roses, roses all the way" into the "silly idealistic quackery" of the American President. Spoils soil. That is one of nature's laws. It is the point we have reached. China is hurled to the stratocracy of Japan—one point of war. France wants to escheat the Arabs of their democratic independence—a second point of war. We capitalise oil—a third point of war. India wants India—a fourth point. Russia some day will want Russia, and will then blow the new creations—Esthonia, Lithuania, Greater Poland, Greater Roumania, Greater Jugo-Slavdom—sky-high—a fifth point. Constantinople will inevitably be a sixth point, even if America takes over the Mandate. And so on, all the results of the work of Paris, which instead of creating, divided in order to control and expropriate. But, as always, the question is security. What is to be the security? We must retrench, not entrench. Now we can't have it all ways. When the Provinces came to rule Rome, Rome collapsed. Is that the idea? It certainly looks like it. We are ruled by Ulster *now*. When Persia, plus Ulster, plus India, plus Damascus and Afghanistan, become the Soviets of Westminster, then the Poet Laureate will have to prepare an epitaph, even though he failed over the armistice with a palinode. Meanwhile the Kaiser buys a castle, and "Levy on Capital" shares close a shade harder.

William of Hohenzollern will get back yet, with some kind of a Romanov on the throne of Russia, for things simply

won't work at present, which means that finance won't "click," which means that oil won't mix with water unless we find a solution in the only way a solution can be found, that is, by displaying the necessary sincerity in the creation of a genuine League of Nations based on principles instead of on opportunism. Any other way must lead to friction, as we are now witnessing. Continued, it will split the Alliance and lead back to European units of Imperialisms as the only safeguard against Bolshevism, and may lead to a United States of Europe arrayed against France and Britain and America. But again the question is security. Will America fight for such a mediæval Europe? "O, Lafayette; we've paid the debt." So runs the dough-boys' song, and it is rather more than symptomatic. France should remember this. If she wants a real League of Nations, why, she can have it. But does she? She cannot claim Syria and invoke the League's justice. She must testify to her sincerity if she demands its application. She must first admit that her Treaty is chaos and that if the Covenant is to mean anything it must rest upon considered principle as distinct from "healthy selfishness" or Bismarckianism *à la Tarascon.*

We are now entering upon the aftermath of war, economic and political. Controlling men, governments, parties, nations, is economics rendered doubly acute by the all-round instability of the political situation as the result of the selfish and faulty thinking at Paris. It is strange to think that the home of Omar Khayyám should kindle the "kindly light" destined to lead men back to sanity, but in real probability it will be so. We shall find in Persia—an equation either for construction or mutual self-destruction, and who can doubt but that the genius of these islands will prefer the perfume of the attar of roses to the insolvency of the "empty" drum. And so the Poet will lead us to reflection, and eventually to a philosophy. If for £2,000,000 we are to receive 7 per cent. and Persia, Persia can capitalise M. Clemenceau in Washington, who in turn will discount in Geneva, near that quiet retreat where Gibbon wrote the *Decline and Fall.* There, under the white crest of Mont Blanc, the Syrians and Assyrians will be able to

come down from their folds to wander with Ruskin and muse upon the *Stones of Venice* and other human vanities, in the glades of Col. House and the Poets. For Louis XIV. is no more. His age is past, and so is Napoleon's. This is the epoch of Man, whose creed is opportunity: life, a little tobacco, and a few Poets. And now the Poet has returned. Like Anatole France, the Poet "hates hatred." "Come into my Persian Garden," he cries, "and cull the arrowroot of life." So from Araby the new wisdom breaks, and it will lead the weary and the wanton to Geneva, the French to study Omar's philosophy, we to recover the Protestant or protesting ashes of Elizabeth, Cromwell, Pitt, and Wellington, wherewith to water—not our capital, as we are doing, in febrile attempts to save it—but the seeds of the earth in order that they may bring forth the good fruit.

A Word on New Guinea

By Lieut. E. W. Pearson Chinnery

The splendid achievements of aircraft have shown us how to wrest from Nature the secrets of those isolated quarters of the globe which hitherto have been withheld from Man.

A great stimulus has been given to progress by the recent conquest of the Atlantic, but it is in exploration that the machines of the air have demonstrated their immediate fitness.

Airmen with the longing to be "up and doing" are already studying the map of the world for future roaming heights, so the moment has come when all this pent-up energy should be directed into channels which will advance the interests of Empire.

The choice of suitable cruising grounds involves a close study of the outlying portions of our territories for those which, while offering all the attractions necessary to entice the men of the air, will yield the most valuable secrets to the investigator.

There is no need to prolong the examination of the map, for one land stands out from the others, prominent and alluring, and that is New Guinea, the uncut gem of the Pacific, half Dutch and half British.

This huge area of unrealised possibilities, the second largest island of the world, has called, year after year, for exploration. Many heard and responded: some returned whole, but not all, for Death, ever lurking in the shadows, tripped the tired feet of the unwary, and weary eyes that had been following the gold trail turned heavenwards for the "long rest," while bleached bones remained that others might not lose the way. The history of British New Guinea unfolds many a thrilling tale of endeavour, sad tales of Britain's sons who paved the way right into the very heart of Nature, and succumbed ere they could reap their reward, wasted endeavour, but not wholly wasted, for on their sacrifices have been built the foundations of what

some day will be a mighty asset of our Empire. Their discoveries of gold stimulated wider movements, and other inducements were revealed. Development gathered pace and to-day we have a British colony which exports copper, gold, and tropical agricultural products; which owns a petroleum field; which boasts of a fringe of coast-land with thriving plantations of coconuts, rubber, hemp, etc.; which is occupied by vast numbers of indigenous natives, who provide an inexhaustible supply of useful labour to meet the requirements of development. British New Guinea, in fact, has justified its place in the Empire: its future is assured.

But notwithstanding the years that have passed, only a small portion of the territory is under settlement. There still remain vast lands in the interior thickly populated with the wild jungle men, unknown and unrealised. Such a condition is a challenge to the spirit of the age. The promise of its coast-lands calls for expansion. The development of agricultural pursuits demands labour to supply its needs. To justify our fitness, our reputation as colonisers, we must utilise the resources of the Possession. Hence the need for exploration.

No one who has seen for himself the interior of New Guinea can doubt its value to commerce and science. Its timbers and economic plant-life are inexhaustible; the mineral wealth, which is already being exploited, is shed from the unknown interior; its natural history in many departments is a veritable treasure house; while its wild men and women, thousands of whom live together in various parts of the hinterland within small mountain-locked valleys, with no knowledge of a world beyond the margin of their mountain spurs which mark their horizon of living things, offer the greatest inducement to exploration, since the development of industries depends on their civilisation for labour.

But the exploration of this country involves three things which probably have retarded its progress—hardship, danger, and expense. Much important work has been done by private explorers, prospectors, and other men having interests in the country; but the real interior is rarely penetrated, owing to the expense, by persons other than the Administrative officials. To these men exploration is

part of the day's work. As they are familiar, through long and continuous service, with the difficulties of travel and the control of native porters, the exploration of New Guinea—if exploration meant merely the extension of British influence and the pacification of wild tribes—could be left in their hands for, though the world hears nothing of this isolated outpost, the records of exploration in the pigeon-holes at Port Moresby Headquarters speak well for the achievements of New Guinea officials, while if anyone were interested enough he could find in the vicinity of any Magisterial station natives, peacefully engaged in the routine duties of daily life, who but a short time since were eating one another with equanimity. But exploration aims at more than the pacification of the native; it aims as well at a thorough investigation of the resources of the country.

Four things are necessary to ensure every possibility of success. The first is a leader who has proved himself capable of overcoming the difficulties of travel in all kinds of New Guinea country; the second is a party representing the various branches of economic and general science; the third is an aerial staff with full equipment and facilities; and the last is capital

The aerial staff would be required to make a reconnaissance over the country to be examined, and produce an exhaustive report of the features required by the leader of the expedition. By the aid of these reports the leader could organise his equipment and transport, and definite plans could be arranged for the movements and conduct of the expedition. In accordance with the plans agreed upon, the expedition would proceed, achieve its objects, and return to publish its results. During its progress, the investigators should be entirely free to devote the whole of their time to their respective subjects and the care of their health, for no good results would follow if they were in any way hampered with difficulties of travel of which they had had no previous experience; hence the advisability of selecting a leader familiar with every obstacle likely to arise. Beyond the preliminary reconnaissance the aerial staff could not be regularly utilised owing to the absence of landing grounds; but, as New Guinea is a vast country, a comprehensive aerial survey would keep such a staff employed in a general way for many years.

Judging by the Empire's need for the development of economic and general science, it should be a comparatively easy matter to select a reputable party of investigators to form such an expedition. The choice of a leader would be a more difficult matter, but more than one suitable man is available for the task. No difficulty would be found in inducing applicants for the aerial staff, though great care would have to be exercised in choosing the men, for theirs would be a most hazardous venture with little of the glamour attached to the more popular forms of aerial exploits, though its value would be incalculable to the Empire. The greatest obstacle in the way of such an expedition would be its financial equipment, but surely, since money appears to be available for expeditions to the "bare" regions of the earth, the ultimate settlement of which is impossible, the support for an expedition to investigate the resources of a country which gives such indications of promise as New Guinea should be procurable. Not only has a considerable amount of British capital been invested in the hope of further development, but the area for expansion has been increased by the addition of the colonies taken from Germany, which that nation was so eager to have restored to her. Shortly before the outbreak of war, aerial survey was under consideration, both in Dutch and German New Guinea.

Books

FICTION.

THE ARROW OF GOLD. By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Fisher Unwin.) 8*s*. net.

LOVE has not figured much in Conrad's wonderful gallery of male types, and Conrad as a lover is new. For this is a study of love, of woman, of sex approach woven in a setting characteristic of the writer, to whom atmosphere is the appealing mechanism. In this book all is quiet and brooding, eclectic, aristocratic, old-world. The sea captain is an artist. The book opens with this man sitting in a café at Marseilles in Carnival time, and a pretty girl in a *loup* or mask darts out a red tongue at him. Then there is a long introductory. At last she, the woman, love, appears, incarnate of the "eternal thing." From this point onwards interest grows, rising to the culminating point of the kiss of abandonment, unlike all other books on love, for the rest is "personal." Men often mock at words, but words with Conrad have the soul of life. We are thrilled. The very oddity of the drama, the vertigo of the types, the fastidiousness of taste, the rococo mystery of it all fascinates in a way difficult to explain, and in Rita fiction has a grand type. Almost we would judge Conrad by this type, immensely critical, the lover of illusion. Like love, the kiss is the unreality, the approach is all. And of course that is life. So Conrad can paint a woman as he can understand the sea! Will he ever explain the profoundest of all mysteries: man—the lover of illusion?

SOCIAL.

THE CASE FOR LIBERTY. By E. S. P. HAYNES. (Grant Richards, Ltd.) 6*s*. net.

AFTER five years of war in the name of Liberty, a book pleading for the idea might seem superfluous, yet never has such a book so good a case. It is, indeed, the national cry. To-day, with our Government by Orders in Council, our bureaucracy, our Trusts, our servile Press, our militarism, our "coupon" electorate, our propaganda direction, our byzantinism, Liberty is a memory, and great will be the fight if we are to win back to it. Here is a reasoned argument of the case, admirably stated, going to the roots. We strongly advise people to read it. Mr. Haynes justly spots the politician as the cardinal offender. Why is it, he asks, that the politician is never punished, no matter what harm he does to the community, what national disaster he brings about? The answer is the total absence of Ministerial responsibility, and the greater the irresponsibility the stronger the process of centralisation. That is Britain's danger to-day. Mr. Haynes states the case fairly, unanswerably. He sees that the politicians of our day will have to be "broken," or Parliamentary Democracy will fail.

TAXATION IN THE NEW STATE. By J. A. HOBSON. (Methuen and Co., Ltd.) 6*s.* net.

MR. HOBSON'S writings on economics are always distinguished and not to be confused with "our City" expert who writes for the Press. His subject this time is taxation, and he significantly associates it with the "new State." No man desirous of realising what is in store for him should miss this reasoned study of the position and its needs, for there can be no two opinions on the position as Mr. Hobson states it, and not much opening for argument on the remedy, which is conscription of capital, as the phrase goes. Mr. Hobson soundly rejects the proposal of a levy on war wealth only, seeing the difficulties of assessment; he advocates a true levy on capital as the sole means of paying off the debt and so reducing our taxation to endurable proportions. He is scrupulously careful in avoiding a political bias, and confines his inquiry solely to "ability to pay." The alternative is the income-tax. He advocates the immediate creation of a Special Committee on War Profiteering as a start. Here we have the real "fruits" of war. Let every man read and digest.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

OLD AND NEW MASTERS. By ROBERT LYND. Fisher Unwin. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

A RATHER astonishing volume of criticism, both literary and personal, has been finding its place in the publishers' lists during the past two years. Mr. Lynd's book, the latest in this kind, is certainly not the least. A very catholic survey of letters, wholly discursive, passing at will from Jane Austen to Dostoevsky, and from Keats to Joseph Conrad, it displays throughout a penetrating and original judgment, at times refreshingly iconoclastic, but (with equal refreshment) entirely free from sensationalism for its own sake. To review such a collection, other than by copious extracts, which space forbids, is a manifest impossibility; to call such and such a judgment sound is to state merely the agreement of the reviewer. One can, however, say that no one is likely to find Mr. Lynd's chapters (which are restfully short) other than stimulating. Whether he writes of Jane Austen's dear gossips that they are "the most unoccupied people, I think, who ever lived in literature," or of Watts-Dunton "domesticating his macaw," or of a dozen other matters, he displays very pleasantly a gift for translating appreciation into phrase. The result is a book to keep for dipping into, as one might consult the verdict of a clever friend; indeed, friends of this quality are rare enough to be grappled, if not with hooks of steel, at least within the doors of some accessible book-case. A. E.

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